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IN THE BALKANS

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1. United Nations. *International Narcotics Control Board 1990*  
2. International Narcotics Board, 1991  
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# Maclean's

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## 'LOOKING AT GOD'

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## ON THE FIRING LINE

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## TRAVEL

## MEETING IN SEVILLE

*About 18 million people are expected to visit Expo '92 in Seville, the centropolis of Spain's celebration of the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus's voyage to the Americas. And in the days following last week's opening fiesta, Seville's perfection was one of the most popular attractions.* — 46





## Issues of immortality

Few subjects are as gripping and relevant today as that of the world which awaits us after we die. The "near-death" experience, which you examined in your April 20 cover package, "Between life and death," challenges our modern assumptions and at the same time offers hope that there are real forces of good that cover the lives of ordinary people. Many thanks for considering these life-changing encounters worthy of such high-profile coverage.

Lois Spatzky  
Kitchener, Ont.



"Near-death" experiences: new questions and possibilities about the afterlife

Even if there is "life" after death for purveyors of dogma would have us believe), would it not make more sense for academics to use their knowledge to ease the suffering of life before death? Finally, the use to spare my name the magazine, but what about solving the mass we have made here and now on this better-than-anything known as Earth?

Monique Fox  
Toronto

On reading "Between life and death," I found myself torn between two realities—the obvious truth that such a wide correlation of the near-death phenomenon cannot be a hoax, and an equally strong belief that a disease being will prevail our trust in all costs. I yearn for scientific proof that an afterlife exists, and I welcome any data that suggest an alternative to the pessimistic sentiment of the day. As we choose to shift from our preoccupation with worldly and selfish concerns, I believe that the many reaches of the human mind will be opened to the reality of a spiritual realm.

Phil Schwarz  
Kitchener, Ont.

## A legacy of deceit

Where does Brian Robertson of Vancouver get the idea that our government has never selected anyone about who is running the show ("Bridging the gap," Letters, April 6)? Sir Adam Archibald, lieutenant governor of Manitoba, informed the *Ojibwa* on Oct. 1, 1873, that they were to be the masters of their lands. The *Quen*, he said, "will not allow the white man to intrude" upon their reserves. However, Archibald omitted from them the word "the 1868 Indian Act had decreed that "all Indian lands and property shall be vested in the Crown." The act established the government's administration of the reserves, and it still represents their lives in every aspect. For 150 years, the natives of Canada have been

## The right solution?

While I agree with some of Barbara Ansel's arguments about the evils and lack of incentives in the socialist system, she is perhaps forgetting which side of the political spectrum is responsible for the current recession that plagues Western industrialized nations ("Lafayette, et al. blown away by the wind," Column, April 20). Ansel says that "socialism has brought every country that has had it to its economic knees." She must be reminded that it was the neoconservative ideologies of Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Brian Mulroney that overtook conservatism and the over-production of industry in the West throughout the 1980s. While laissez-faire right-wingers may be the lesser of the two evils, it is by no means the utopia that Ansel portrays in her column.

John Armat  
Mississauga, Ont.

## 'Illogical emotionalism'

Impaled author Monique Richter's campaign is spending out against the ten of acceptance while living in no do "In the eye of the storm," Special Report, April 13). The

cultural history taking place today in Quebec is like a cold war shaking public craters and winning that will be ignored in order to shut it up. One cannot help wonder if the *Qualibec* ideological emotionalism and reverse bigotry, which are going to hurt them as much as anyone, are relevant with deep roots in old colonial wars the French lost. If so, an enlightened, progressive future will never be possible.

Quebec's "I want my cake and eat it too" attitude, evident in their so-called economics of a "free" Quebec (while still attached to the unbroken rest of Canada), is reminiscent of a famous French woman's philosophy. And I believe those same kinds of French people released Marie Antoinette of her head.

Debra G. Butler  
Sectorville, N.S.

I was shocked that a reputable magazine like *Maclean's* would treat respectfully to the views of Monique Richter by publishing one of his essays. Since Richter has never deigned to learn the language of his native province, his scornful criticism of the Quebec daily *Le Devoir* is comparable with a bilingual Quebecer cynically criticizing the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. Just like the famed "jolly American," Richter remains one of a former outcast-outcast neighbor of mine who, after living in Quebec City for 35 years surrounded by francophone neighbors, could find nothing positive in those to whom she had never even spoken. As such a casual case in Canada's history, Richter could have become a goodwill ambassador and a link to English Canada. It is truly a shame that he missed such a golden opportunity.

Jillie De Celles  
Ottawa

Letters must be condensed. Please specify name, address and daytime telephone number. Write Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's*, Magazine, Maclean House, 100, 177, 178 St. George St., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1K5. Tel: (416) 593-1100.

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## AN AMERICAN VIEW



# How a private citizen lost his privacy rights

BY FRED BRUNING

**D**id this *Today* play rough with Arthur Ashe?  
Inquiries by the colorful national daily prompted Ashe to acknowledge that he has AIDS—and to supply questions the priorities of the news business. *USA Today*, Sorry, a story is a story, no exceptions. The American media establishment, a group with the accumulated wisdom of the World Wrestling Federation, remains hopelessly divided.

Some practitioners say that Ashe deserved break because the former tennis star was more or less a private citizen, and because newspaper readers had no need to know about his disease. Others claim that the media had little choice but to pursue a tip regarding the health of a prominent American. Why? Just because.

Who could fail to understand the anguish of Arthur Ashe and his acceptance with the media? He had done nothing to bring grief to himself. The disease was a fate, the subsequent situation unwelcome, public exposure a painful imposition. Stunned by the cruel and arbitrary weakness of human existence at age 46, Ashe has a perfect right to bow his shoulders. Which all we would do, anything less?

Trouble started several years ago, Ashe says, when he was infected with HIV by way of a blood transfusion. At the time, screening techniques were inadequate—a shortcoming for which Ashe paid an awful price. Not until he underwent brain surgery in 1984, Ashe says, did he learn he was doomed. Since then he has tried to conduct himself with dignity and maintain as normal a schedule as possible—no small achievement for a man dipping toward the brink.

Ashe says that he broke the terrible news to friends and family, but had no intention of issuing an official alert. "Keeping my AIDS status private enabled me to control my life," Ashe wrote recently in *The Washington Post*. "Going public" with a disease such as AIDS is akin to telling the world in 1980 that you had

*Fred Bruning is a writer with Newsday in New York.*

*When it became known that Arthur Ashe has AIDS, his personal wishes counted for less than the principle of a free press*

leprosy. "He is exactly correct. Keeping quiet made sense. Privacy is precious, and once lost, may never be retrieved. So Arthur Ashe was careful to protect his horrible secret. Whose life was this, anyway?"

Then, unexpectedly, word got out. A source told *USA Today* that Ashe had AIDS. Why the reporter squealed, who knows? People can be as curious with truth as they are with money. There's always a kick in spying on the boss. In any case, a reporter reached Ashe, who subsequently said that he wanted to hear from someone in management. Gene Polcinis, *USA Today's* managing editor for sports, obliged.

"I asked him if he was HIV-positive or had AIDS, and his response was 'could be,'" recalled Polcinis in an article published by his paper. Ashe declined to go further and asked for 30 hours to prepare a statement. Polcinis refused to let the story die. His reporter would keep working.

Leading a definitive statement from Ashe, *USA Today* inadvertently got off on a piece but, not yet, the reporter met with Ashe prior to a news conference hastily called by the former athlete. This time, Ashe was forthcoming. He was ill. The rumor was true. Though the paper's own clinicians had

passed, *USA Today* led dispatches to its overseas edition, and to the wire service of its parent company, when clients under Cable News Network "Texas grant Arthur Ashe has AIDS..." the second began.

Calvin disagreed, or said perhaps?  
Here we had another of those modern morality plays that keep alive those brown summer well past midnight. Making the matter all the more wrenching is the previous reputation of Arthur Ashe. He was a determined and disciplined athlete who smashed color barriers and became the first black man to win Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Ashe joined the struggle for human rights in his own country and emerged as a leading critic of apartheid in South Africa. He wrote a highly regarded three-volume history of black athletes in the United States. He was generous with his time, gracious when dealing with the public. People love the guy.  
Unfortunately, some of that makes any difference.

Obscured by the deluge over *USA Today's* decision is a fundamental truth about the media as a function—or as supposed to function. Central to our notion of the unfettered media is that reporters and editors are merely custodians of the facts, and must never be permitted a proprietary interest. Journalists gather the news, protect it from corrupting advancement, get it out to the people where it belongs. Then they start over again.

The question is whether Arthur Ashe is entitled to his privacy, or the sanctity of what was said, and secret. Of course the fellow has a right to act as what he considers his own best interests. But so reporters or editors should feel obligated to assist in the suppression of what Ashe, or anyone else, views as confidential or inappropriate. Good and bad news, the wishes of a virtuous man must submit to editorial judgment. The process is imperfect, and its path not necessarily rough, but the objective is clear. Personal concerns are secondary to the principle of a free press.

No one is ever cooperative, makes its own demands. A solvable issue whose honor has been lost may not want the neighbors studying a front-page summary of his dreamer's dream. Does the minister who tells the congregation he is gay think the starter should assign a three-part series on the local weekly? If his business goes belly up will the merchant want details of his bad luck broadcast on the local?

Arthur Ashe says that there was no reason to get the details of his illness from him—that he was not treating the office or seeking public trust. Many whose names show up in the morning paper could say the same. Unlike the anonymous folks who occasionally drive media activists, Ashe occupies a place in American history. Now he is afflicted with a disease that, until, represents one of its most serious, tragic developments. Journalists don't withhold such a remarkable entry from the diary of this decade. We can lament the terrible turn of events that threaten the life of one man as Arthur Ashe but we do not banish him or the freedom he championed—by confining sympathy with self-censorship.



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# When It Was Decreed Thou Shalt Not Covet, This Could Not Have Been Foreseen.



## UNCERTAIN JOURNEY

It is 26 years since Robert Bourassa entered Quebec politics, his public commitment to bilingualism less worded and waned. As a Liberal backbencher in 1967, Bourassa seriously considered joining a pro-sovereignty group led by René Lévesque. But by the time of the 1980 Quebec referendum on sovereignty, Bourassa was one of Lévesque's fiercest opponents. Campaigning in church basements and high-school assemblies across the province, he joined Canada as "one of the best countries in the world"—and he challenged separatists to name a cleric on. Then, after the Meech Lake constitutional accord collapsed in June, 1990, so angry Bourassa went to consider all options for the future, including Quebec independence. Now, once again, Bourassa's public posture appears to be shifting. In recent weeks, the 58-year-old Quebec premier has made a series of gestures that have brought new energy and optimism to the previously flagging effort to preserve Canadian unity.

## CANADA'S MOST ENIGMATIC PREMIER BRINGS NEW HOPE TO THE SEARCH FOR NATIONAL UNITY

Bourassa's latest initiatives have been consistent with his well-deserved reputation as the most enigmatic Canadian political leader. His public statements have been delivered in a cautious, measured fashion that seems tailored deliberately to obscure his true intentions. The Quebec premier recently drew an acronym with the influential Paris daily *Le Monde* to make public his desire to hold Quebec's plebiscite referendum, rather than on sovereignty as stipulated by current legislation. Declared Bourassa: "It's possible to build a distinct Quebec without destroying Canada." Earlier, he announced plans for a series of one-on-one meetings next week with the premiers of British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Those meetings mark Bourassa's most concerted involvement in the constitutional process since the Meech collapse. But before any discussion of his plans could take place, he flew to Florida for a brief vacation—during in his wife facing convalescence and an emergency appendectomy. Said *Le Monde*'s Premier Gary Filmon, referring to Bourassa's planned western trip: "This is the most encouraging sign we have had since June of 1990."

Bourassa's efforts mark both a subtle shift in strategy and an uncharacteristic move. Since the death of Meech, Bourassa's government has boycotted federal-provincial meetings. It has also insisted that Quebec will decide upon its future only after it is presented with a constitutional proposal from the rest of the country—an offer that Bourassa maintains it would be free to accept or reject. That stance has estranged his popularity within Quebec, where feelings of rejection by the rest of the country still run high. But it has also drawn criticism from other provinces. And even some of Bourassa's own advisers contend that the strategy has helped to hinder agreement in English Canada to the province's demands.

Now, by offering to meet with other premiers, Bourassa is sending a signal that he is prepared to negotiate Quebec's place in Canada—even if the risk of alienating the nationalists in his party. His planned four-day swing through the West, scheduled to begin in May 4, is certain to draw criticism within Quebec, but not at all certain to produce results.

Perhaps for the reason, Bourassa appears to favor a modest reaching-out to the rest of Canada. Asides to Saskatchewan Premier Roy Romanow told Maclean's that Bourassa's representatives originally asked him to meet Bourassa in Montreal, but Romanow declined that request, and one side, because he "simply felt that the effort would have more impact" if it took place in the West. As a result, the two leaders will confer in Regina on May 6. Bourassa also plans to meet H.C. Premier Michael Horvath in Vancouver on May 4, Alberta Premier Don Getty in Edmonton on May 5 and Filmon at Winnipeg on May 7.

Despite Filmon's enthusiasm for Bourassa's visit, neither he nor officials at other provinces say that they are expecting any breakthrough in these discussions. One reason is that there remains significant public opposition throughout the West to the idea of giving Quebec special powers that would not be available to other provinces. As a result, some provincial officials plan to stress the need to build a strategic alliance with Quebec against what they describe as Ottawa's attempt to concentrate powers at the expense of the provinces. Said Glen Clark, British Columbia's former minister and government house leader: "If we seem to be catering to Quebec, it is not helpful. But to the extent we can work with Quebec to have a better sharing of our national government, we would be delighted to do that."

Bourassa's most contentious meeting is likely to be with Getty. They disagree fundamentally about the role of the Senate. In March the Alberta premier expressed his willingness to accept any constitutional deal that fails to include a so-called Triple E Senate—equal, elected, and effective. For Bourassa, such an institution is unacceptable because it would significantly weaken Quebec's powers within Canada. That disagreement is all the more significant because Alberta and Quebec have traditionally been allies in their efforts to wrest more powers from Ottawa. As Getty said Peter Todoruk noted last week, "Over the years there has been good support between Alberta and Quebec on many issues."

Bourassa and Getty will enter their talks facing similar internal pressures from their



Bourassa: a subtle shift in strategy as well as an uncharacteristic gamble

respective parties. Recent opinion polls in Alberta have suggested that the issue of a Triple E Senate has a low priority among most of the province's voters. But it is a key issue among a small but influential group of provincial Conservative members, including some who will likely abandon Getty—and, possibly, defect to the federal Reform party—if their concerns are not given prominence.

Meanwhile, Bourassa's efforts to reach an

agreement with other premiers have put at risk the already fragile unity of his own party. Privately, some Liberal members and last week that Bourassa's move back towards a more flexible attitude is based on encouraging information that he has received in conversations with officials from the federal government and other provinces. Said Jean-Pierre Belisle, a strongly federalist Liberal backbencher who represents a Montreal-area rid-

### GUILTY AS CHARGED

The Saskatchewan Court of Queen's Bench sentenced Pauline Hanson, 55, to a day in jail and a \$500 fine for contempt of court and obstructing a witness substance to witnesses of Regina's House of Commons for troubled youth, which he founded in 1971. Meanwhile, Christian Brother James Bergman, 77, was convicted of sexually abusing three children at St. Joseph's Training School in eastern Ontario. Bergman is the first of 19 convicted or former Christian Brothers to be tried on sexual-abuse charges relating to incidents at the school in the 1950s and 1960s. And in St. John's, Nfld., a public inquiry into a sex scandal at Mount Carmel orphanage recommended that the province set up a fund to compensate former residents who suffered sexual abuse.

### A HIGH-STAKES GAMBLE

Ontario Premier Bob Rae acknowledged that his anti-strapped 50% government may establish chaos as part of a new "economic-reform strategy." Before he took power in 1990, Rae criticized rampant on grounds that they play on greed.

### AN OPENING APPEAL

Canada's chief human rights commissioner endorsed calls by active leaders for a separate active justice system. Maxwell Taylor told the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples during its first week of public hearings that activists now get "the dirty end of the stick when it comes to legal protection." Prime Minister Brian Mulroney set up the inquiry in 1991 to study native issues such as self-government, land claims and education.

### AN OFFER WITH A CATCH

European fishing fleets will reduce their catches of Canada's East Coast if new research shows that fish stocks are threatened, European Commission President Jacques Delors said in Ottawa following a meeting with Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

### POLICE TARGETED GAYS

The RCMP kept files on as many as 8,500 men in the Ottawa area as part of a security drive that began in 1970. Between 1959 and 1968, according to federal documents obtained by The Canadian Press, the papers show that former prime minister John Diefenbaker expressed concern that the search might inflame civil rights, but allowed it to continue. By 1961, more than 100 civil servants had been dismissed for security reasons as a result of the secret investigations.



## CANADA WATCH

As Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa prepared to meet the two western premiers, separatists accuse him of undermining the province's long-standing position in thinking a referendum on separatist federalism rather than independence.

A *Centre for the Study of the Society of First Nations*, said that he expects to meet French case to discuss the organization's constitutional demands, including a call for distinct society status for natives.

A federal information commissioner, John Grace, ordered media efforts to obtain access to British Columbia's and Manitoba's records on a federal provincial and provincial officials, in particular with representatives of three major native groups, prepared to set a deadline on April 25 and 26 to confirm negotiations on a constitution of justice.

### QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I worry about the perception that we have to be evil by what Mr. Bourassa said."

—Federal North Minister Don't Souchard, a long-standing Quebec nationalist after learning about the Quebec premier's remarks opposing support for recent federalism.

ing. "It is evident that the climate and the substance of a new deal have changed." That shall, without a doubt, be enough to satisfy Bourassa's desire to amend Law 150, the 16-month-old legislation that requires the provincial government to hold a referendum on sovereignty by Oct. 26. "It does not seem to me unreasonable," he added, "for a chief of state to adjust the important details of a very important statute to changing circumstances."

But not all Liberals share that view. A senior adviser to the premier estimated that about 10 members of the Liberal caucus—which holds 90 of the 125 seats in Quebec's National Assembly—are "anxious in their allegiance to federalism." Of those, said the adviser, "there is a real danger that three to five might walk out" even Bourassa's wish to avoid a referendum on independence. Pro-federalist Liberals are also worried about the reaction of some senior party officials, including Jean Allaire, the Montreal lawyer who produced a report last year calling for the transfer of most federal powers to the provinces.

But Bourassa's biggest obstacle may be the party's militant and strongly successful youth wing, which is keeping with party rules, is avoided a third of the vote at policy conventions. Youth members were largely responsible for the party's endorsement of the Allaire report, which has been widely discussed and ridiculed outside the province because of its extreme demands. Last week, Mario Dumont, the president of the Liberal youth, criticized Bourassa's support of a referendum on renewed federalism and said that he may oppose

his premier's plan at a party conference later this spring. Declared Dumont, "Our influence within the party is considerable."

Despite those hurdles, the pro-federalist position is clearly gaining strength in Quebec. Senior Liberals and some independent politicians say that if a referendum were held now, 55 per cent of the voters would support a package on renewed federalism that was also acceptable to the provincial Liberals. "In the short term, the Liberals' chances are relatively good," says Maurice Pénard, a sociology professor at Montreal's McGill University who has been one of the province's most respected politicians for almost 30 years.

That assessment makes a dramatic change from polls results that persistently indicated strong majority support for sovereignty in the year following the March 1982 collapse. No-

cluding to Pénard, the transformation is largely due to the gradual shift in Bourassa's own attitude. Says Pénard: "The ideological opinion has lost a bit because gradually the Liberals have reaffirmed the federalist position. For some time, there was only one line in Quebec, and it was sovereignty." But Pénard and other analysts caution that before Bourassa wins over his province, he must consolidate support for his brand of renewed federalism in the rest of the country—and within his own party. To a large extent, federalists began now year with Bourassa's ability to read, and lead, the public mood.

ANTHONY WILSON SMITH with  
GLEN ALLEN in Ottawa, DALE KILLER in  
Regina, JOHN HORSE in Calgary and  
DONALD MACGILLIVRAY in Winnipeg



Expo 67's Canada pavilion: a euphoric country basking in its twentieth

ing 25 troubled years. Expo appears as a wide smile on the store already shining under its banner. In Quebec, the fairs initiated by the province's Quiet Revolution of the early 1960s gave rise to the separatist Parti Québécois, established almost exactly a year after Expo closed on Oct. 27, 1967. Across Canada, frustrated English-Canadians began to ask, "What does Quebec want?" The pain was perhaps unbearable, as Quebec author Schlegel Chaput-Rolland wrote in the January, 1967, issue of *Maclean's*. Observed Chaput-Rolland, now a Conservative senator: "I have looked in all sincerity for a common denominator between French- and English-Canadians, and I have not found one."

But in the heady euphoria of Expo 67, most Canadians ignored that jarring warning. Instead, the country basked in the international

light as host of the \$183-million, 315-3 billion today) celebration. Paid admission to the site on Montreal's Ile Ste-Hélène and Le Notre-Dame numbered more than 50 million. For \$2.50 a head, visitors could explore the pavilions sponsored by 113 nations and private exhibitors—among them the U.S. greenhouse dome and Montreal architect Moshe Safdie's modular apartment building, Habitat 67. "It was a great Canadian enterprise as well as a great Quebec enterprise," said Bill Bentley, who in 1967 wrote a daily front-page column on Expo for the *Montreal Gazette*. But, added Bentley, who now owns a Montreal public relations firm, "We just never realized it as it." As a symbol of Canadian unity, Expo 67 may have been an illusion—but it was a lovely illusion. That summer belonged to Canada.

PETER KOPELMAN

## THE SPIRIT OF EXPO 67

"The year 1967 has become a firm assertion of our late-flourishing self-knowledge and self-confidence. Above all, there is Expo 67—a living birthday party for a nation come of age. If we have not solved all our internal problems, we have learned to live with most of them."

—Maclean's, January, 1967

A thousand glittering acres symbolizing the hopes and aspirations of a younger Canada—that was Montreal's Expo 67. The world's fair opened on April 28 of the country's Centennial Year, bringing joy and pride to millions of Canadians from coast to coast. Some, like the crowd of teenagers who landed hands on Expo's chilly opening night to sing O Canada, even indulged in that most un-Canadian of reactions—a spontaneous display of patriotism. Expo, observed the May 5, 1967, issue of *Time*, represented a "careless adolescence in which a Canada newly blossoming with self-awareness is playing hard to the world."

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Northwest Territories' First Nations: A fight revived long-standing bitterness

## A test of will

A boundary dispute becomes a far larger issue

A satellite dishes brought a deluge of English-language TV programs to remote Eastern Arctic communities on Baffin Island in the early 1980s. First Nations worried that their young would lose their traditional language. Instead, it helped officials respond by spending \$200,000 a year on new radio-language textbooks. But in April, it was argued that it was not to spend the money on the Northwest Territories government in Yellowknife—some 2,500 km and two time zones away. Yellowknife is so far distant that it doesn't think they realize the impact of these decisions on our communities," complains Neillia Anogak, supervisor of schools for the Baffin region. "It sometimes feels like you're a second-class citizen in your own land." The settlement is a reminder that among Inuit leaders, who for two decades have been pressing Ottawa to divide the vast Northwest Territories into two jurisdictions, ending the 20,000 Inuit who live in the eastern half of the Arctic to govern themselves. Now, a controversial territory-wide plebiscite set for May 4 may determine whether the Inuit finally realize their dream of a separate homeland.

The plebiscite itself is on a proposed political boundary that would divide the predominantly Inuit population of the Eastern and Central Arctic from the Dease, Milne and non-Inuit



who live in the Western Arctic. But the outcome of the boundary vote, which appears too close to call, will also likely determine whether a \$4.1-billion land-claim agreement signed by the Inuit and federal officials last December survives a separate referendum later this year.

Already, the May 4 plebiscite has several long-standing tensions between the Inuit and the Dease, who inhabit the western ends of the Northwest Territories. Since Dease leaders claim that the proposed boundary would leave them control over traditional Dease lands, they have accused the federal government

of essentially pricing one native group against another.

At the same time, many non-Inuit residents in the territorial capital of Yellowknife (population 13,000) are concerned about the potential cost of establishing two fully fledged territorial governments to serve a total population of 55,000. Declared Shirley McGroff, outgoing president of the Territorial Chamber of Commerce, "Now, when the two biggest issues facing Canada are the economy and national unity, it's appalling that we should be looking at splitting up our country even more. We've got better things to spend our money on."

The cost of dividing the Northwest Territories into two separate jurisdictions is of direct concern to taxpayers in the rest of Canada. Nearly 80 per cent of the territorial government's current \$2.1-billion operating budget is financed by transfer payments from Ottawa. Despite that, federal officials support the principle of division—as long as non-Inuit can agree on a political boundary. Inuit leaders, moreover, stress their right to self-determination. And they want that if they are denied their own territory, angry residents of the Eastern Arctic will likely refuse to ratify the land claim that Ottawa wants to a major breakthrough last December. John Anagak, an Inuit political adviser to the Yukon Premier Conrad Naamuk, the organization that represented the first land claim, warns up the impact of a negative vote in the plebiscite to three scenarios: "No land-claim agreement. Political confusion. Bad government."

The proposed Eastern territory, to be known as Nunavut ("our land in Inuktitut"), would represent a unique form of native self-government. Because the land account is about 85 per cent of the votes in the sparsely populated Eastern Arctic, the new government would reflect Inuit priorities in such issues as law, justice, wildlife management and education. To its supporters, Nunavut is the next logical step in the political evolution of the Northwest Territories—a designation that once applied to an even larger swath of Canada before Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Yukon were carved out of it between 1870 and 1905.

Among the strongest advocates of Nunavut is Tina Allouso, one of three Inuit cabinet ministers in the eastern territorial government. Sitting in his sixth floor office in Yellowknife, Allouso is a hotel agent that serves as the territorial assembly. Allouso speaks of the frustration that result from being a long-distance politician. Born in a bush camp near Foul Point on the northeastern coast of Baffin Island, Allouso saw must spend 16 hours, eight of them waiting for connecting flights, to travel by air to his home community from Yellowknife.

As a result, he has voted Peel Inuit only once since the last territorial election in October. "That's not acceptable to the people who elected me," he says. Allouso, a former out-



Allouso: The frustration that result from being a long-distance politician

ter who became education minister last November, adds that it is difficult for him to find money for Inuit education in Eastern Arctic schools because of similar demands to support some other traditional languages in the Western Arctic. "It would be easier if we had our own government," he says.

The campaign to divide the territories took root in 1870, when the Ottawa-based Lord Dufferin of Canada first proposed an Inuit homeland in 1943 plebiscite, 56.5 per cent of the territory's voters supported the principle of division. Four years later, representatives of the Inuit, Dease and Milne agreed that the boundary should be based on their respective land claims, which were then under negotiation. But the boundary limits eventually broke down, with concern to link the Eastern and Western Arctic. Inuit fear that they might lose control over areas where these people had hunted and trapped for centuries. To break the stalemate, the federal government last year proposed the boundary on which non-Inuit would vote on May 4.

The issue of division gained new urgency with the signing last December of the first land-claim agreement. Under that deal, the Inuit were guaranteed \$1.1 billion over 14 years, as well as outright ownership of about 140,000 square miles of land—half the area of Alberta. Ottawa also promised legislation to divide the Northwest Territories and to

establish the Nunavut government if and when the land claim is ratified by the Inuit in a vote that is due next November. But to return for those concessions, the Inuit had to renounce their claim to another 440,000 square miles of land.

Although most Inuit leaders support Ottawa's proposed boundary, many Dease representatives remain bitterly opposed. The Dease Nation, which represents about 12,000 settlers living in communities throughout the Mackenzie Valley, maintains that the proposed boundary would give the Inuit control of at least 205 square miles of land to which Dease have traditionally tracked caribou and other wildlife. "It's basically, politically and legally wrong for the Inuit to define a boundary that doesn't belong to them," says Françoise Paquette, a Chipewyan leader from Fort Pittmead, 300 km south of Yellowknife, and a former president of the Dease Nation.

Two years ago, in fact, Dease chiefs backed a \$500-million 1988 land-claim agreement that had been reached between Ottawa and the Dease and Milne on the one hand, and the Inuit on the other. But the Dease objected to a clause requiring them to relinquish their claim to most of the Western Arctic.

Since then, federal officials have negotiated separately with individual Dease communities. Last week, Ottawa indicated at first clear success. At a signing ceremony in the

Mackenzie Delta community of Fort McPherson, Indian Affairs Minister Thomas Siddons concluded a land claim that grants 2,000 Gwich'in Indians from the Northwest Territories and the Yukon title to 9,000 square miles of land as well as \$75 million over 15 years. In return, the Gwich'in agreed to renounce their claim to another 18,500 square miles of traditional lands—an area approximately the size of Nova Scotia.

Some Dease leaders charge that the Gwich'in and Inuit settlements are the result of a deliberate federal strategy to pit native groups against each other. Predictably, for one, says that the contentious clause in the claims represents "a big wedge for Ottawa." He adds, "Of course Ottawa is going to support them. It's the whole divide-and-conquer mentality."

But the controversy over the proposed boundary extends far beyond the Northwest Territories. Following last December's announcement of the first land-claim agreement, three Dease leaders from northern Saskatchewan filed a statement of claim with the Federal Court of Canada asking Ottawa to recognize their claim to 4,000 square miles of land within the Inuit land claim. The claim is a total of about 4,500 members, say that these settlers regularly tracked caribou in what is now the Northwest Territories and acted as middlemen between the Inuit and Hudson's Bay Co. traders. "We totally disagree with the boundary," says John Dumbauld, land-claims negotiator for the northern Saskatchewan Inuit. "We've used those lands from time immemorial. But the only way we can get legal recognition is by returning to the courts."

There is also growing opposition to the boundary, and to the whole concept of division, in Yellowknife. Many of the city's thousands of territorial and federal civil servants—many of them non-Inuit—and a number of businesspeople who depend on government contracts for their livelihood. Both groups fear that division will lead to a loss of jobs and a reduction in federal funding and services for all territorial residents. Their concerns were reinforced by a study commissioned by the territorial government last year which estimated that the start-up costs for Nunavut would range from \$460 million to \$630 million, and that it would cost at least \$100 million to add \$130 million each year to run two territorial governments as opposed to one. McGroff, who runs a computer consulting company in Yellowknife, questions how northern taxpayers would respond to those numbers. "The rest of Canada should get a say in this matter," says McGroff, who moved to the North from his native Princeton 10 years ago. "It's their money that's going to foot the bill."

For his part, Allouso worries that a strong ferment in the most populous Western Arctic could derail the territorial proposal and set back the case of Inuit-driven division for years. But he adds, "We will never stop fighting this issue." Like many other northerners, he is convinced that a political division is inevitable.

ERIN PERHAM in Yellowknife

### McGroff costly losses







Canadian peacekeepers on patrol in a Croatian village. 'We are just here to disarm the troops and make the place safe'

## WORLD/SPECIAL REPORT

# ON THE FIRING LINE

It is the region where the First World War exploded almost 70 years ago and it has again become an international powder keg. The Balkan republics of Yugoslavia are torn by a spreading civil war that erupted in June and has since escalated an estimated 10,000 troops and thousands to spread beyond the disintegrating federation's borders. The fighting began after the republics of Slovenia and Croatia declared independence. Serbia, the largest republic and the federation's second dominion, and its armed forces, joined Croatia in support of the rebellious sister Serbian minority. The spiralling violence alarmed the increasingly interventionist United Nations. In early April, following a ceasefire agreement, the United Nations dispatched 14,000 peacekeepers, including 1,200 Canadians, to disarm the com-

## CANADIANS TRY TO KEEP THE PEACE BETWEEN WARRING GROUPS IN THE EXPLOSIVE BALKAN REPUBLICS

*Instead, last week, Macdonald's foreign editor Angus Wallace accompanied the Canadians on patrol along Croatia's battlefield. His report*

The night of November 8, 1991, the Serbian People's Army, from Belgrade, penetrated through Croatia countryside that was superficially beautiful. The Canadian's route took them along a single-lane road 100 km east of Zagreb, where they off "the line" because it makes the Croatian army's forward position of defiance against the Serb-led Yugoslav People's Army (JNA). In the lead around personal carrier (APC), platoon commander Lt. Col. Angus Wallace trained his Browning .50-calibre machine-gun on the forested hills where Serbian JNA troops had a clear view of the road. What had once been a Serbian avenue of road

fewer lanes played out of the steep hillside was now a battlefield.

The Serbs abandoned their low-lying fortresses in November to the occupying Croatian soldiers and to the ravages that followed when the JNA, in turn, shelled the hillside. The fighting had passed every house along the 24-km strip. The roadside was littered with car engines, fuel tanks, mostly empty and gas, shot or blown up by mines and ruttage in the warming spring weather.

**Witness:** Exposed daily to sniper fire from the hills, four Croatian soldiers were wounded along the last few weeks alone. In conversations with Macdonald and his men, the Croats expressed concern, because, they claimed, even the hills behind them were "full of Chekists," a turn describing nationalist Serbo-Croat guerrilla groups that the Croats apply broadly, and aptly, to all Serbian soldiers. Over the rest of the APC engine, Macdonald cut about on the Croats' claim. "I have been here three weeks and I have only seen one Serbian soldier behind Croat lines," said the 28-year-old officer from Sydney, N.S. "And he had been dead for at least a month."

Despite the sporadic gunfire and light shelling along the region, there are signs that negotiators on both sides is negotiating the uneasy truce. In one gutted farmhouse in the village of Kamenica, 30 Croatian soldiers living in precarious conditions told Macdonald's soldiers that they had seen fired their missiles into the country

hills for four months. Serbians were not ready as they proudly showed the Canadians some of their weapons, including a Second World War vintage German machine-gun and four powered 120-mm mortar shells, which looked like they were stolen from Macdonald's men.

But as the speaker of their heavy machine, the mortar of the machine Croats soldiers was waiting. Their mortar was still positioned in the backyard, surrounded by debris of bricks, garbage, trash-clothing and several more animal carcasses. The stretch and the obvious potential for damage threatened to wait as they slowly speaking, using caution. They stood on firmly looking on the concrete middle floor of a building that had no roof. There only water came from a single outdoor tap. "If the Croats don't help us get our borders back, then we will do it ourselves," said an archaic and subdued Miroslav Kucanovic, a Croatian resistance who was formerly a truck driver. He added: "But for now, I am ready to go home."

**Nature:** As Macdonald led his troops back towards their base in Senj, 30 km to the north, he expressed a mixture of revulsion and sadness at the Croat's "shock" for the moment, it is only hatred that keeps them here," he said. "I'm shocked at the bigotry and hatred and animosity of both sides. As a Canadian, I just can't understand a policy of no tolerance." Behind him, as the APC lumbered past a cemetery where several Serb soldiers had been buried, a visibly agitated Sgt. Harry Sorogin, 28, from Pembroke, Ont., gaped Macdonald on the shoulder, pointed to the graves and yelled: "Can you imagine how badly you would be able to make someone to die to this grave?"

It takes little problem to answer the hostile emotions that fuel the ethnic war. "I have never met people who know their family history better, who most on other you just after historical fact, and who can tell you exactly every time they get accused," said Master Sgt. Rod Macdonald, 29, a member of a reconnaissance team that was travelling throughout the last few weeks, where he was disposed. Indeed, the peacekeepers will be severely tested to soothe the emotions of people who, because of the war, have had some personal grievances added to their existing historical grudges against one another, and who distrust the motives of the international community. "We need the UN to force the Serbs out of our country," said John Elch, 42, one of the few passengers travelling last week on a train between Vienna and Zagreb. "If the UN does not help, then they will become the enemy."

Despite international condemnation of Serbian attacks in neighboring Bosnia-Herzegovina last week, which, an unemployed wholesaler, assessed a long list of countries of betraying Croatia. He claimed that Russia continued to arm the Serbs, that the Germans had attacked a Serb highway, that they will become the enemy. "Despite international condemnation of Serbian attacks in neighboring Bosnia-Herzegovina last week, which, an unemployed wholesaler, assessed a long list of countries of betraying Croatia. He claimed that Russia continued to arm the Serbs, that the Germans had attacked a Serb highway, that they will become the enemy."

Making it clear that the peacekeepers are

## World Notes

### AN AFGHANI BREAKTHROUGH

After a week-long attack, following the April 16 overthrow of Afghanistan's last ruler, President Najibullah, leaders of several competing Mujahideen factions agreed to a power-sharing plan that may end 14 years of civil war.

### A TIMEABLE FOR DEMOCRACY

Under worldwide pressure, Peruvian President Alberto Fujimori announced that he will hold a July plebiscite on his April 5 decision to dissolve the country's congress and close its courts. A referendum on constitutional reform will follow in November, and congressional elections are to be held by February.

### DAKE BOWS OUT

After failing to win a single delegate in U.S. primary elections in California, former Fox News Radio host David Duke withdrew from the Republican presidential race.

### AID FOR SOMALIA

The Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali proposed a 500-member military mission to provide human relief and help restore law and order in Somalia. Aid agencies estimate that about 4.5 million of the East African country's six million people live in starvation.

### A CONTINUING THREAT

Six years after the explosion at the Chernobyl nuclear plant, Georgy Gerasimov, the Ukrainian minister responsible for the site, said that there was still a serious risk that radiation could leak from the contaminated reactor in long barrels of debris throughout the country where radioactive waste is buried.

### BARRY REGAINS FREEDOM

Former Washington mayor Marion Barry was released from a federal prison after serving a six-month sentence for cocaine possession. Barry, 56, was arrested in 1990 after a controversial federal drug operation videotaped him allegedly smoking crack cocaine in a hotel room.

### RIISING SEXUAL ASSAULTS

A new study by the National Victim Center reported that 683,000 American women are raped each year—more than three times the number of rapes reported by the U.S. justice department in 1991.

### TRAGEDY IN MEXICO

A powerful gas explosion in Guadalajara's sewer system killed Mexico's second-largest city, killing at least 230 people and destroying about 1,200 homes.



Canadian engineers searching through rubble for live survivors; encountering sporadic gunfire and light shelling

not there to restore old borders took up a lot of Capt. Kenneth Chadder's time and patience during his first three weeks in Croatia. "We tell both sides that it is up to their governments to resolve the borders," and Chadder. The 34-year-old from Guelph, Ont., is supervising most clearance for one of four UN sectors—a clearing task in a country where the Croats have admitted to placing one million mines but have maps showing the location of only 10 per cent of them. "We are not going to be anybody's savior," said Chadder. "We are just here to disarm the troops and to make the place safe so that people don't get hurt in the meantime."

**Rubble:** Trying to reduce the hostility of the Serbs and Croats towards the United Nations was a top priority for the Canadians after their arrival. Soldiers have been instructed to avoid, when possible, carrying their weapons in public. As well, the 4th Canadian Engineer Regiment, based in Lake, Germany, pitched in with some of their heavy machinery to assist in clearing rubble from a severely damaged hospital in Durnar, the town that contains their headquarters. "It's important to get out to show the flag as much as possible," said Larat. Dried Rudy, 24, a personnel platoon commander from St. Marys, Ont., as he searched to smiling children while patrolling through several small villages north of the ceasefire line. "Peacekeeping, Rudy said, offered a chance to apply his training as a real situation."

But the mission carried a personal price. The command's flag in Croatia forced Rudy to postpone his Aug. 3 wedding to Jody Hastings,

his 25. "I missed my sister's wedding and my parents' 25th wedding anniversary because of the Forces, as my family is getting used to it," said Rudy as he laughed on top of his APC during a break in the patrol. But he shrugged when asked if peacekeeping was worth postponing his marriage. "If they stop talking about either, I guess so," he said. "But I'm not optimistic about this place after we leave."

As his vehicle wound along the narrow back roads around Durnar, Rudy got a firsthand

stain known as Serbian towns—a brutal onslaught from one neighbor to another that peace did not mean that they could go home.

Like last year's Persian Gulf War, the conflict has left a legacy of tribal hatred and a thirst for vengeance. But the destruction in Kosovo City was largely intentional. The Serbs left officials alone and tried to destroy Kosovo City's hotels and other buildings symbolic of the province's rising class, including palaces and mansions. Yugoslav's civil war, too, has cleared an extraordinary store of symbolic targets, notably churches. But the neighbor-against-neighbor violence within small towns, which left baby carriages crushed under fallen bricks and clothing and furniture scattered across backyards, seems inescapably personal.

**Black:** The repression of Croats was shared by Glen McVeen, 24, a corporal from Cobourg, Ont. After midnight, and the last one awake in the tent that was home to 30 soldiers in November Company's Six Platoon, McVeen sat, warming his hands over

the only Coleman stove he described while lying in a deserted Serbian home five previous days. It was the sight of a dead pig that disturbed him. "On the bed there was a dog that through the tent," said an obviously distraught McVeen. "I love dogs, and I can't tell you how probably sleeping when someone came in. You have to wonder about a place where somebody would shoot a dog for fun."

The others in Six Platoon had pets on their minds, as well. The platoon's color is black, and when some soldiers spotted a black pig that day, they wanted to capture it to keep it as a



look at the debris of Croatia's ethnic hatred. While the farms along the front line had suffered damage from artillery fire, the damage to homes north of the front was caused almost exclusively by explosions triggered from inside the buildings. When Serbian families fled Croat-controlled towns, most of their homes were destroyed by fire and dynamite planted by their neighbors. In Croatian towns, the Canadian patrol past tiny houses, with one lawn and tulips in the gardens, standing beside Serbian homes that have completely collapsed and burned. That was also the case with Cro-



## What did you do with your family last summer?

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much during their six-month stay. That surprised them, because they wanted a pet and others who suggested getting the pig. Only the advice of an officer, who warned that the pig was probably diseased from feeding on the bodies of other dead livestock, convinced the platoon to drop the proposal.

In fact, soldiers' concerns are mounting. In Dorset, several officers have found mouse droppings in the local water supply. But the Canadians have made their own living conditions tolerable: the food is varied and superb, and laundry is now getting done, although it has to be shipped 125 km to Zegheb. A lack of toilets is the most pressing problem. "The toilets are in sad shape," said Quartermaster Charles Lapierre at Roumariot. One, as he drove back to Dorset from a buying excursion in Zegheb last week, "I am trying to get a system built so the guys can sit down at least, but I had to go to 20 stores to find all the plumbing parts I need. It would take two years to set up the kind of paradise like the Canadians have in Cyprus."

**Obstacles:** Generally, conditions are improving and obstacles are being overcome. Because Yugoslavia was a communist country, the Canadians did not have detailed survey maps of the terrain. For the first two weeks, they operated using maps made in 1950. Since then, the department of national defense in Ottawa has been able to print newer maps, giving a more accurate picture of the war of cities and of the layout of roads and bridges.

So Platoon made its own road. They carved a dirt track up the steep incline of a mountain hill and built an observation post, which is now 400 m to 450 m. The platoon called their camp "Hill 141" because, and Lt. Col. Adam Barnby, the 39-year-old platoon commander from Newmarket, Ont., "who's where they used to die in Vietnam." Number 141, he said, "was the last house address we saw before we turned up the hill." From their vantage point, the platoon can watch the jet fire artillery and rockets into the nearby town of Pukovo, the site of some of the heaviest Canadian volunteer deaths. And in the stillness of dawn, cold spring nights, the rumble of the Canadian army reappearing on front lines and negotiating troops can be heard and seen through high-tech night-vision equipment.

Now living apart from the rest of Newmarket Company, and without electricity, Six Platoon has acquired a spiritual roundabout. The soldiers playfully insult one another's provincial backgrounds, but are "all very proud to be Canadian," said Pte. Robert Gagnon of Sturgeon Falls, Ont. The troops argue about one another's musical tastes, and ghetto-blasters playing rock music compete with those playing country. But everybody agrees on their favorite tape, a recording of the April 13 mortar attack on Roumariot Company by the JNA.

**Panic:** The mortars struck during the company's first night in Croatia. One soldier was recording a message to send home to his wife in Bosnia when the attack occurred. On the tape, which Six Platoon played repeatedly and played

the greatest danger to the Canadian troops "We were seen every last of mine, from old stuff to state-of-the-art," said Sgt. Michael Foster to be greeted out some of the mines he has pulled from buildings in Camp Polov, near Karlovac. Although he handles the dangerous materials, Foster, from Sackville, Ont., claims to be more afraid of the poisonous snakes than the rolled buildings with the enormous collection of mines and unexploded ammunition. Some feds have been surprising: one box of 40-caliber cartridges bore a manufacturer's stamp dating from December, 1944, and was made in the United States.

Other soldiers openly worry about the poison gas of gas and alcohol that affects the Croatian army. "It is Dodge City," said Seven Platoon's Marston, describing the town of Srebrenica. The Canadian camp is located across from a local bar, where Croatian soldiers come to unwind and often fire a few rounds into the air. It is a fitting expression of resentment at a country that sells a cigarette brand called Mladic, but the widespread drinking leaves the Canadian nervous. One of the most notorious drivers is a Croatian army ambulance driver. Said Marston: "We joke that, if you get shot, you have a better chance of surviving the wound than of surviving the ambulance ride to the hospital."

**Musical:** But the local reaction to the Canadian presence has been generally positive. "They don't consider us to be the enemy," said Warrant Officer Steve Gordon, sitting alongside his troop's wooden busette. Seen most often outside a tent at Camp Polov, Gordon was also involved in denouncing operations in Iraq after the Gulf War, an environment that he found more hostile because "if you spoke English and wore a baseball cap, the Iraqis thought you were American."

The experience in Croatia has clearly made a deep impression on many Canadian troops. "It is easy to see people who have so much in common killing each other," said Brady. "Maybe that's the way of the world." And engineer MacDonald agreed that "there are more and more for Canada to learn about themselves." Said MacDonald: "We have our problems at home and I know nobody thinks that kind of thing can happen to us. But it's a good warning." Just to the south, Bosnia-Herzegovina's current role in the chaos of modernity was just weeks showed just how powerful those tribal emotions can be.

hilly for a visitor last week, some soldiers did hear played cards when the first distant rounds interrupted their game. Within seconds, the nervous laughter turns to panic when a huge explosion crashes about 50 m away. The soldiers are heard scrambling to get into their armored vehicles and, left waiting as the heavy rock hits safety, the tape repeats the last distant rounds hitting the camp. "We got caught with our pants down," said platoon commander Barnby of the attack that left six Canadian soldiers slightly wounded. "That it happened as a group and made us aware that this is not a game."

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# A Portrait of Canada



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# Northern New Brunswick: A Personal Perspective

DAVID ADAMS RICHARDS

**O**ur legends come from living in a land that contains so much power. We're too young for stories about genes found in a bottle. Ours have human blood. Animals known to us by touch. And water that we've seen.

Our bay is blue-green and I'm often reminded of my early years when I smell tar. For there was tar on all our wharfs. Our bay, calm as pond water, can turn as cold and as vicious as any place I can think of.

We used to swim off the wharf and watch the fishermen when they still drifted for salmon. The fishermen's trucks had old jacks and boots in them, or rags to cap the gas tank. Some had dingle balls and magnets crossed against the window, black and white pictures of their wives and children stuck in the dash. Beer bottles left in the back of a truck from the church picnic two weeks before, and also the smell of nem and traps.

When they drifted for salmon they were gone all night, their nets out behind them, setting a course between P.E.I. and northern N.B. — and when I was a boy, none of them had radios, or radar. It was unheard of to be able to connect the shore.

As far as the rest of the world was concerned they were alone. The shore itself, if it could be seen, was a tiny spot on the horizon.

In good weather or bad, most of them fished. Or worse, did not always know really bad weather was coming.

It might be observed that no one thinks of fishermen dying until they do. Strange. It's as if they went to an office in the morning. And they would always be home.

Thirty-five didn't make it home one night. They were given no warning. I was seven years old at the time and the storm has been assimilated into our thought.

Boats, riding fifty feet in the air, would descend before the next wave and scrape the bottom of the bay.

Men thrown into the water, having been tossed lifelines, handed them to their brothers or cousins. A man tied his son to the mast, and then before he could tie himself, was swept overboard and disappeared. Boats, and one must realize how small a twenty-six-foot drifter can be in waves eighty feet high, refused to seek safety while others were in trouble, and time after time threw lifelines, and circled and kept watch, themselves battered and crippled and breaking up.

And so until the end.

Of course these men have a genius for deflating their own heroics. They can do it by looking away from you across a table. So one must not intrude upon their thoughts. Our legends are, as is every responsible nation, our own. We have breathed them into our blood.

They are physical presences in a room.

We meet them on the stairs.



## BRIDASKET TO THE WORLD

THIS SMALL, FARM-BORN  
BAKERY IN NOVA  
SCOTIA SYMBOLIZES SO  
MUCH THAT IS RIGHT  
AND GOOD IN CANADA,  
A COUNTRY WHOSE  
BOUNTY PROVIDES GRAIN  
TO MOST PARTS OF THE  
GLOBE. HERE CANADIAN  
INDUSTRY AND HAND  
WORK COME TOGETHER IN  
A SUCCESS STORY FOR  
MIRE AND GAIL WATSON.

Photo by Stephen Hesser



#### LURE OF THE SEA

IT WAS FISHING THAT BROUGHT THE FIRST EXPLORERS TO NORTH AMERICA ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. TODAY, THE TOWN OF PETTY HARBOUR HAS FORMED A COOPERATIVE TO CREATE A JOBBING FUTURE FOR THIS ANCIENT INDUSTRY. USING THE MOST MODERN METHODS, THE TOWN CONTROLS FISHING RIGHTS AND MARKETS TO SOME OF THE WORLD'S LEADING FOOD PURVEYORS.

*Photo by Greg Locke*

## A Christopher Pratt, with High Winds

RAY GUY

**I**t was even worse when the gale stopped dead so back away and gather puff and smash the house from a different side. Then, the big people edged further away from the kitchen window. Genny rocked a little faster, knit more loudly, and her senseless humming took our into short bits of Jesus being the rock in a weary land.

Then it would come again. Slamming, roaring, shrieking like whistles calling the hounds of hell. Windowpanes vibrated, the roof heaved, walls bowed inward half a foot. It was by far the loudest thing, then, much louder than the church bell, than the iron thumping of the boat engines, than even the Windbound Express, all steam and squeak at the station three miles away.

When I was seven I began to be afraid because by then I knew what a house was. It was a white wooden cube, crayon-simple, four rooms up, four down. It was a chopped spruce frame with clapboards to the outside and rough boards in and, between them, sawdust and dried eel grass for quilting. A house set on flat rocks as big as cabbage boilers at each corner.

When the gale backed off to strike again even harder, the house would stand to creak no longer but would explode into cracked boards and shreds of tarpaper, sail in great pieces, people and all, off the fifty-foot cliff and into a cold ocean smashed by the gale into a white stinging mist.

And in the morning, there the house would be among that usual stew of uprooted kelp and lobster shacks and broken donuts, churning against the cobblestone beach. But why did the big people seem quiet? Why did Genny knit faster and sing bits of her wind songs, most of which had rocks in them?

On Christ the solid rock she stood, all other ground was sinking sand. And when the wind backed off again, sucking the air with it, making the kerosene lamps flicker and the woodstove to sputter smoke, why did my knee shake, why did my mouth taste like a big copper with the old King's head on it? We waited in the suffocating calm.

Genny bent down to the stool where I was with her wide bosom and marring rheumatics and she said: "Heek, now. Heek to me." I barked to her and she turned her aches and pains slowly again and with a knitting needle hooked up a flap of torn wallpaper next to her rocker. There were many layers — more wallpaper, painted canvas, oiled cloth, stained cardboard — to the last page of newspaper pasted to the splintery board wall, brown as tea. And she poked at some tiny figure she must have known before and said, "Tell me that number. Tell that number to me now."

"Sepe...remember," I said. "Two, naught. Eighteen and seventy free."

It had stood and would stand but how I still don't know.



# An Acadienne in Montréal

ANTONINE MARLET

**T**he other day I overheard a curious conversation between myself and my doobie, or if you prefer, between my two selves, author and character, each desperately trying to define her *sensu d'être*, her sense of belonging. Despite the fact that we are both, in Acadie or Montréal, as much in our element as fish in water, a big fish on the East Coast, a little fish in Montréal, but glad to be swimming there too.

"So why did you ever leave if you were so happy back there among your dances?" the one asks.

And the other answers: "But I didn't leave. All I did was transplant myself, lock, stock and barrel, to the heart of this North American metropolis of French culture. I live in Montréal, yet I live on Acadie."

"You live off it?"

"No, I live on its roots that strike down into pre-Champlain France, on its three-centuries-old memories, on its colours, smells, accents and words that have nourished my soul for half my life. I live on the nostalgia for a lost paradise, as we all do ever since Adam and Eve bit into the apple."

"But, isn't Québec, this adopted country of yours, a land of memories, French words and lost paradises, too?"

"Like Acadie, Québec is a hinge between the Old World and the New, by its culture, its language, its lifestyle, the whole lot and caboodle."

"I know, I know. Everyone knows that Québec is different. Acadie likewise. And the same goes for every other group of French Canadians: *a parti unique ad vitam*. But at that time English Canadians are distinct too by their language, Chinese by their culture, or Native people by their traditions."

"The whole country belongs to everyone, and every culture that has sunk roots here has enriched it with a new and irreplaceable vision."

"So?"

"So I continue to cultivate my cabbages and flowers in my own garden, even though it's no bigger or more fertile than my next-door neighbour's. And if I had to leave Québec as I left Acadie, I would still take with me its smells, its words, and an experience of thirty years in this French cultural metropolis where living means so much more than just earning a living."

"Really? And what's it like to live in Montréal, then?"

"As if the whole world was to be made over again, as if the earth hadn't yet completed its first trip around the sun, as if every one of its citizens had the right to dream its future and believe that one day life would begin to look like that dream."

"If I remember rightly, you used to dream the same dream back in Acadie."

"That's just proof that I am the daughter of a vast continent, and that the whole country belongs to me."



## JOYE DE VIVRE

THIS PRECIOUS ESSENCE  
CONVEYS THE SPIRIT OF  
QUÉBEC: THE VIBRANCY OF  
ITS FINE CUSTOMS AND  
THE RICHNESS OF ITS  
ARTS REFLECT THIS ABILITY  
TO SAVOUR THE  
LAUGHTER AND JOY FOAMED  
IN EACH DASH. THIS  
CREATIVITY IS BRINGING  
NEW COMMUNITY TO THE  
PROVINCE THROUGH  
THE EXPORT OF UNIQUE  
CULTURAL TRADITIONS  
SUCH AS THE MAGICAL  
CIRQUE DU SOLEIL.

Photo by Bernard Bibeau



WINDOWS ON  
THE WORLD

TORONTO, HOME  
TO LEADERS IN AEROSPACE  
AND STATE-OF-THE-ART  
TELECOMMUNICATIONS,  
HAS BEEN CALLED THE  
CITY OF THE TWENTY-FIRST  
CENTURY. NOWHERE  
IS THIS MORE EVIDENT  
THAN IN THE INNOVATION  
OF ITS INDUSTRY  
AND TECHNOLOGY.  
THE BREAKTHROUGH  
IMAX FILM SYSTEM  
IS BAZZLING AUDIENCES  
AROUND THE WORLD.

Photo by Peter Christopher

## Ontario on My Mind

CHRISTINA MCCALL

**M**y mother's grandfather came to Ontario in 1850 and set up a sawmill in the bush. My father arrived sixty years later, liked what he saw and stayed. And I was born, educated, published and praised here, and have resolutely remained, no matter how powerful the siren songs of London and New York.

For most of the time, I never thought of myself as an Ontarian. It seemed like a soupy concept, an oddly awkward word. In my mind, I was always a Canadian. And however hard my fellow canners in the more self-aware regions tried to disabuse me of the notion, I resisted with true passion love. When I went to Nova Scotia to write about a mining disaster and met with whispered hostilities against "dick Upper Canadians like her," I forbore. When I had the tires on my car with the Ontario license plates slashed in Montreal, I agreed gratefully when my rescuer, a grizzled mechanic, remarked, "*Ces gars-là, ils sont trop jeunes pour comprendre que nous sommes tous Canadiens!*" And when I was invited to an Alberta ranch in the middle of an OPEC crisis and greeted with the grim cliché, "Well, I hope you eastern bastards are freezing in the dark," I laughed, glad that the Albertans, as well as the Arabs, were waxing richer by the hour. They were Canadians, after all, and what was good for them was good for the country, indivisible from sea to sea.

It's only now in the '90s, when Canada's been falling apart, that I've begun to realize that those weren't isolated insults. They were expressions of rage at the country I came from and they've forced me to look with fresh eyes at the role my province has played in what we thought was a nation-state. But even now when I've begun to sort through Ontario's history, its shortcomings, and its gifts, I still think it's a great good place. I'm proud of its past prosperity and its willingness to share it. (For nearly fifty years transfer payments have been made without complaint.) I'm proud of its writers and thinkers — of Callaghan, Davies, Ricci and Frye, of Munro, MacDonald, Atwood and Anscombe. I love its landscapes from the farlands of the southwest to the bleaklands of the north and the rock-and-ice lands of the eastern counties. And I even love Toronto, the jewel in its tarnished crown, a city that — despite the self-engrossment of its peering, interlocking elites — has managed to absorb in its lifetime hundreds upon thousands of immigrants of astonishing diversity and tried to meet their disparate needs.

In fact, when next I go out into the other regional realities and am accused as an alien invader, I'll respond in a different way. "Yeah, I'm glad to belong to Ontario," I'll say. "But I hope you won't find me an archetypal *Ontarien* when I tell you I still wish that Canada could belong to me."



# What a Certain Visionary Once Said

TOMSON HIGHWAY

**A**s you travel north from Winnipeg, the flatness of the prairie begins to give way. And the northern forests begin to — like oaks, forests of spruce and pine and poplar and birch. The northern rivers and northern rapids, the waterfalls, the eddies, the northern lakes — thousands of them — with their innumerable islands encircled by golden-sand beaches and flat limestone surfaces that slide gracefully into water. As you travel further north, the trees themselves begin to diminish in height and size. And get smaller until, finally, you reach the barren lands. It is from these reaches that herds of caribou come thundering down each winter. It is here that you find trout and pickerel and pike and whitefish in profusion. If

you're here in August, your eyes will be glazed with a sudden explosion of colour seldom seen in any southern Canadian landscape: fields of wild raspberries, cloudberries, blueberries, cranberries, stands of wild flowers you never believed such remote northern terrain was capable of nurturing. And the water is still so clean you can dip your hand over the side of your canoe and you can drink it. In winter, you can eat the snow, without fear. In both winter and summer, you can breathe, this is your land, your home.

Here, you can begin to remember that you are a human being. And if you take the time to listen — really listen — you can begin to hear the earth breathe. And whisper things simple men, who never suspected they were mad, can hear. Madmen who speak Cree, for one, can in fact understand the language this land speaks, in certain circles. Which would make madmen who speak Cree a privileged lot.

Then you seat yourself down on a carpet of reindeer moss and you watch the movements of the sky, filled with stars and galaxies of stars by night, streaked by endlessly shifting cloud formations by day. You watch the movements of the lake which, within one hour, can change from a surface of glass to one of waves so massive in their fury they can — and have — killed many a man. And you begin to understand that men and women can, within maybe not one hour but one day, change from a mood of reflective serenity and self-control to one of depression and despair so deep they can — and have — killed many a man.

You begin to understand that this earth we live on — once thought inanimate, animate, dead by scientists, theologians and such — has an emotional, psychological and spiritual life every bit as complex as that of the most complex, sensitive and intelligent of individuals.

And it's ours. Or is it?

A certain ancient aboriginal visionary of this country once said: "We have not inherited this land, we have merely borrowed it from our children."

If that's the case, what a loan!

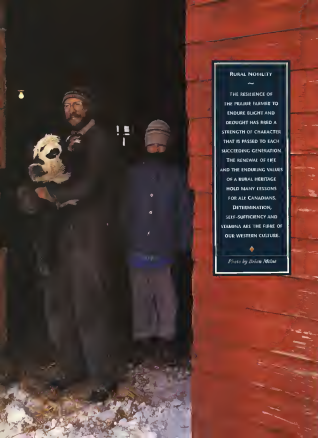
EH?



## PRESERVING TRADITIONS

THE SOUTH OF THE KIMIKINGWAMON NATION LEARN THE STEPS OF TRADITIONAL NATIVE DANCES. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE MASKS WHICH SPONTANEOUSLY TELL THEIR ANCEY LEGENDS AND HISTORIES. THE VIGOR OF THEIR COMMITMENT TO PRACTISING THE ANCIENT RITES IS A PROFOUND COMMITMENT ON THE ABILITY OF A CULTURE TO SURVIVE CHANGE AND ADVERSITY.

Photo by David Reid



#### RURAL MOBILITY

THE RESILIENCE OF  
THE PRUDER FARMER TO  
ENDURE DUGHT AND  
DROUGHT HAS BRED A  
STRENGTH OF CHARACTER  
THAT IS PASSED TO EACH  
SUCCEEDING GENERATION.  
THE RENEWAL OF LIFE  
AND THE ENDURING VALUES  
OF A RURAL HERITAGE  
WOULD BARELY ESTIMATE  
FOR ALL CANADIANS.  
DETERMINATION,  
SELF-SUFFICIENCY AND  
VIGILANCE ARE THE PILLARS OF  
OUR WESTERN CULTURE.

*Photo by John Miller*

## What Thou Art Not

W.G. MITCHELL

**I**n the past few years, with all the political discourse about distinct societies within our Canadian family, I have tried through recall to understand not what constitutes a distinct society, but what constitutes this distinct Canadian, ironically, it is not my prairie childhood but the years from the age of thirteen to eighteen that I lived outside the land of my birth, which limus-stained me Canadian.

Many of my readers confuse me with my fictional character from *Crocus*, Saskatchewan's Jake Trumper. But Jake Trumper, because of a tubercular wrist, spent no time on the Gulf of Mexico. Unlike him, for six years I never felt the chill of a Northern winter. To my best knowledge, neither Jake nor the Kid ever got stung just above the belly button by a scorpion.

Each school mid-morning, when we had chapel break at St. Peter's High to hear how the St. Peter Green Devils football team would whip Orleando or Plant City or Lakeland High, we also parroted the American oath of allegiance. THEY did. I did not. I stood with them for their national anthem, but I did not hold my right hand over the spot where I thought my heart might be, nor did I use the same lyrics as the others did. They had stolen the tune of my national anthem and I had every right to sing the words to GOD SAVE THE KING while they sang MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

As well, I explained to them that the last letter in the alphabet was not "ZEE" but "ZED" as pronounced by our British ancestors, who had invented the English language in the first place. They accused me of saying "eh" instead of "uh" and claimed they had won the War of 1812, and would not believe me when I told them WE had. Actually it was probably a draw.

Understanding what I am as a Canadian by what I am not, came on for me when at nineteen I shipped out in a Greek freighter. On my backpack I painted with red lead: CANADA. I did this on the advice of the Newfoundland quartermaster, Slim, who explained that with the American discovery of Europe after the First Great War and the tourist invasion, Canadians were much more welcome. We still are. Welcome because of what we are not. We are not a boastful or chauvinistic nation, proclaiming at every opportunity that we are the best. We don't have to because we know we are the best.

In making this observation, I am plagiarizing the woman who has been able to stand living with me for forty-nine years. She lived in a suburb of Boston from the age of three to eighteen and agrees with me that William Shakespeare was dead on — or would have been — if one of his characters had said: "Know what thou art not, and it follows as right the day thou wilt then truly know thyself."



# A Funeral in Winnipeg

MICHAEL KUSUGAK

**A** *starving people will never starve  
They get caribou, seals too  
Starving people will never starve  
I was singing, I always sang.*

We walked across the low, hummocky terrain on the west coast of the Hudson Bay. Actually, old Nilaulaq walked, Kaluk and I would walk a while and then run to catch up. Old people were such strong walkers. Nilaulaq carried his sleeping bag and his rifle. Our pack dog carried our blankets, tent and kettles. We scrambled up the hill where Nilaulaq was smoking his pipe.

In autumn this country is bathed in browns, reds and yellows. The sandhill cranes cry out "Krrr, Krrr," and their call can be heard for miles, unhindered. "Keep your eyes open for caribou," Nilaulaq told us.

The next afternoon we tied our dog to a rock and staffed two caribou by a lake. When I went to retrieve the dog, the watched thing was nowhere to be found.

Kaluk and I slept under wet caribou skins that night and, early the next morning, we started back. Nilaulaq carried almost a whole caribou on his back and he walked in the same determined pace. It occurred to me

that, in his youth, he would have had starving people at home he needed to teach. In the early afternoon it began to rain and Kaluk and I were soon soaked and resigned to our fate. Nilaulaq said "Pick some of this stuff," pointing to some short green scrub. Reluctantly, we picked the wet prickly plants and, soon, he had a roaring fire going. That man never ceased to amuse me. He took his enamelled cup, filled it with water and balanced it over the fire. He produced a small packet of sugar and stirred some of it into the hot water. He gave us the cup. It is one drink I shall never forget. It warmed our bodies, lifted our spirits and gave us strength. It was truly magic. I don't remember it raining after that.

*Osag and her family  
Are eating an enormous, monstrous fish*

I remember singing

That fall, I went south to school. When I returned, Nilaulaq was not there. He had got sick and had been sent away. No one knew where. He had just gone away. Last year, almost thirty years later, we found him in a small cemetery in Winnipeg.

One day we must have a proper funeral service for Nilaulaq. I will tell this story. His new country-folk should know something about him. When they happen upon his grave they can say: "And here lies Nilaulaq. He was a good man." We will leave a pouch of pipe tobacco for him and say: "Please feed free to share it with him. And when it's gone please fill it up again. He has been too long without it."

*Who will marry the man with only one rib*

*He catches seals and caribou*

*Who will marry the man with one rib*

Tierney

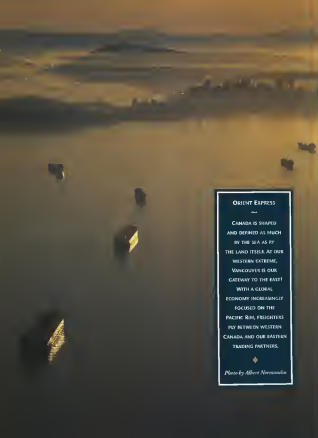


## STRONG AND FREE

THE TRUE NORTH  
DEMANDS A STRENGTH OF  
CHARACTER AND AN  
INDEPENDENCE OF SPIRIT  
FROM ALL ITS PEOPLE. THE  
HARDSHIP OF WINTERS  
WHICH PLUMMET TO  
-50°C HAS TEMPERED A  
WILL AND AN OUTLOOK  
THAT DEFINES THE YUGON  
AS AGE EIGHTY-TWO, AND  
STILL ACTIVE, JOHN SCOTT  
SYMBOLIZES THIS UNIQUE  
SELF-DETERMINATION,  
CONTINUING TO WORK AS  
A MINING ENGINEER.

*Photo by Richard Harman*





ORIENT EXPRESS  
— — —  
CANADA IS SHAPED  
AND DEFINED AS MUCH  
BY THE SEA AS BY  
THE LAND ITSELF. AT OUR  
WESTERN EXTREME,  
VANCOUVER IS OUR  
GATEWAY TO THE EAST!  
WITH A GLOBAL  
ECONOMY INCREASINGLY  
FOCUSED ON THE  
PACIFIC RIM, FREIGHTERS  
PLY BETWEEN WESTERN  
CANADA AND OUR EASTERN  
TRADING PARTNERS.

Photo by Albert Norwood

## And Things Get Stranger Every Day

PHYLLIS WEBB

**V**ancouver Island is weighing anchor, heading for the South Pacific. At the corner of Government and Belleville streets in Victoria the caillon chimes out "Goodbye Canada, Goodbye." The great island makes a stately flagship, a flotilla of smaller Gulf Islands following in its wake. Passengers and crew are in a holiday mood. Politicians lounge in deck chairs sipping fruit juice. Cool seavans head "up island" for Long Beach as members of the Nootka tribe race south to dedicate artifacts in the Royal Provincial Museum. Tourists in Butchart Gardens stroll the sea air and strike up shipboard romances. On Little Saanich Mountain, concerned with higher things, astronomers at the Astrophysical Observatory shift their sights for new supernova. But Oak Bay golfers are dismayed, for among sportsmen, as Irving Layton has said, "they are the metaphysicians / tractant, unlikable, pursuing Unity."

It's a charming fantasy for a west coast rainy day I had in often during the Meech Lake debate, and here we go again, flags flying. But this is no ordinary South Pacific cruise. As we glide by Fyn, hot and prickly in our winter clothes, the rain focus is even deeper shock than usual, some of us begin to long for home.

Fox rumours abound. The PM, placed a call. He's finally noticed. He hasn't. He has. The Globe and Mail is going abokid. Denied. Affirmed. Quebec wants to know if we're speaking French yet. Anything but — Cantonese, Japanese, Vietnamese, American. The Four Seasons Hotel in Vancouver is being torn down to make way for a new legislature to replace Victoria's. Not. We're losing power, losing touch with Kamloops, Lytton, Hope, Fort St. John, Terrace. We experience a rush of solidarity with Newfoundland on their on the fringe. Suddenly we miss the constitutional committees, cabinet shuffles, the CBC.

And things get stranger every day. The sea around us rhodes with dying dolphins who cry out their problems as if we were friends. The flotilla is speeding out and spreading thin. On Saltspring Island the Buddhist retreat recruits dozens of loggers every day. In the woods deer are mummifying in Duvetarian fine forward, cry cougar pad around shrub-like Douglas fir. Multinational corporations devolve into cowrie shells, and politicians know for sure small isn't beautiful. For God's sake, Captain, head back home before we all incredibly shrink!

Lights on the Parliament Buildings surge on "Power, Power, Power," they flash to guide us past Howan and on and up into the blue dark coastal night.

We arrive just in time for Canada's 125th, refreshed by our new perspectives, younger and wiser. Ships of the B.C. Ferries fleet, circling in fog and confusion all the time, aim for our docks where they're greeted with wild cheers. What's the point of being an islander if you can't get off to the mainland now and then? But the golfers stay put, resume their game, like good Canadians, pursuing Unity.



## Together with Canadians since 1817



Bank of Montreal celebrates its 175th Anniversary at the same time as Canada's 125th. Anniversaries remind us to take stock of our inheritance, and to build on it so that future generations will celebrate our legacy to them. We have grown with this great country, and we will grow stronger together.

Matthew W. Barrett  
Chairman,  
Bank of Montreal

This illustration by RW Davies, commissioned as a poster of our 175th Anniversary, represents a mosaic of our history.

1817  
1992  
**175**  
YEARS  
BANK OF MONTREAL

 **Bank of Montreal**  
We're Paying Attention

## SPECIAL REPORT

# EUROPE'S POWDER KEG

## ETHNIC HATREDS TEAR YUGOSLAVIA APART

A single accident proved to be the spark that ignited the First World War. On June 28, 1914, in the Serbian capital of Sarajevo, a 19-year-old nationalist named Gavrilo Princip fired two shots at the car of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, killing the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his wife, Duchess Sophie. Last week, gunfire again echoed through the streets of Sarajevo as ethnic Serbs, opposed to the secession of Bosnia-Herzegovina from the Yugoslav federation, harried Croats and Muslims who support independence. The latest violence was another painful episode in the long history of ethnic tensions that has racked Southern Europe's Balkan peninsula—embracing its reputation as the continent's powder keg.

Yugoslavia emerged in a century for the ethnically diverse South Slavs in the wake of the First World War. But throughout most of its history, a common national identity eluded the troubled land. It was only under the iron rule of Communist strongman Marshal Josip Broz Tito, beginning in 1945, that the nation experienced at least a surface unity. But with Tito's death in 1980, age-old antagonisms again spiraled out of control and the federal system collapsed.

**SPLIT:** A movement for a union of the South Slavs began early in the 19th century, but it was not until a century later that nationalism became a reality. Under the Treaty of Versailles in 1918, parts of what were once the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Ottoman Empire joined the independent states of Serbia and Montenegro to form the Kingdom of Serbia, Croatia and Slavonia. But the nation was deeply divided. More than 12 per cent of its inhabitants, including Croats, Hungarians and Albanians, did not speak any of the Slavic languages. Christians were split between the Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches and more than 10 per cent of the population was Muslim. The possibility of building a century from such a mixture seemed more than a reality.

The country was first ruled by Prince Alexander of Serbia, who became king in 1911. Following constitutional disputes between Serbs and Croats on the one hand, who favored a decentralized federal state, and Serbs, who supported a strong central government, on the other, the king assumed dictatorial



His brutal suppression of nationalist movements

powers in 1929. Trying to promote a sense of common national identity, he changed the country's name to Yugoslavia, which means "land of the South Slavs." But his regime was Serbian-dominated, and resentment on the part of non-Serbs grew. In 1934, Croatian extremists assassinated the king.

In 1939, the government agreed to give Croatia semi-independent status. But the outbreak of the Second World War opened one of the darkest chapters in Yugoslavia's history. In

April, 1941, the Nazis invaded the country, and three-day Prince and his ministers fled to England. In Croatia, a puppet fascist regime, the Ustashi, apocalyptically massacred Jews, gypsies and minority Serbs. Serbian supporters of the royal monarchy, the Chetniks, killed Croats and carried a civil resistance movement. Tito's Communist Partisans. Most historians say that, at the time, more Yugoslavs were killed by each other than by the Germans.

**Nationalism:** At the end of the war, the Communists prevailed. Tito, a Croat, quickly established the People's Republic of Yugoslavia, a federation of six republics (Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Montenegro and Macedonia) and two autonomous provinces within Serbia, Kosovo and Vojvodina. He ruthlessly suppressed any nationalist movements.

After Tito's death, an early collective presidency replaced the dictator's one-man rule. To ensure equality, the post of president of the collective rotated annually among each of the republics and provinces. But a crumbling economy, marred by runaway inflation, led to growing demands for free-market reforms and the abolition of Communist rule.

In 1990, Serbs and Croats elected non-Communist governments that demanded a loose confederation. Last June, the two republics declared their independence and civil war began. The Serbian-dominated federal army dispatched tanks and troops to crush the Serbs' separatist drive. But the federalist forces were overwhelmed and shifted their attention to Croatia, using the republic's Serbian minority as its light against independence-seeking nationalists. Five months later, Croatia, Slovenia and Bosnia-Herzegovina formally applied to the European Community for recognition as sovereign states. The newly independent republics were subsequently recognized by a number of countries, including Canada. The republic of Macedonia also intends to secede, leaving only Serbia and its tiny ally, Montenegro, committed to the Yugoslav federation.

During Tito's rule, a popular Communist slogan, "Brotherhood and unity," expressed the party's prescription for peaceful coexistence. But with the country now in ruins, Yugoslavians seem little more than a doomed experiment in nation building.

### A FRACTURED FEDERATION



SCOTT STEELE



SPECIAL REPORT

# TERROR AMONG THE RUINS

## WAR TAKES A HEAVY CIVILIAN TOLL

**T**he bodies have been cleaned away, but bloodstains still mark walls and showers, hidden at night by the dark that mingles the deserted buildings. An evening tale, a few terrified families huddle in basements. Using candlelight, they eat sparingly from dwindling supplies of canned food and listen anxiously to the not-so-far-off machine-gun fire and the explosion of mortar rounds. Most of the residents of Brijuni, a town in eastern Bosnia-Herzegovina 120 km from the republic's capital of Sarajevo, cannot come to terms with what happened there in early April. Nasa Bajramovic said that he looked on helplessly as Serbian paramilitary forces dragged her 14-year-old son out of their house and shot him at point-blank range. "They just kept jumping bullets on him," recalled Bajramovic. "His body was jumping, jumping. They were enjoying it." Nobody appears to know how many people the Serbs have killed on their spree through Brijuni. But of the first 42 bodies recovered

and identified, 46 were described as Muslims. What happened in Brijuni reflects the new horror and tragedy rippling through the brokeaway Yugoslav republic. Muslims, Croats and Serbs are ethnically mixed Bosnia-Herzegovina have been fighting since March, when Croats and Muslims, who together make up a majority in the republic, voted for independence as a referendum. The clashes worsened after Bosnia was automatically recognized in early April despite fierce opposition from the Serbian minority, which wants to maintain what is left of the Yugoslav federation.

United Nations peacekeepers in Yugoslavia, including 1,200 Canadians, were helpless to prevent the escalation of the Bosnian violence: the troops are authorized to operate only in neighboring Croatia, where a 16-month war continues to rage. Last week, ethnic fighting spread to Sarajevo, leading to a visit by European Community peace envoy Lord Carrington for a last-ditch attempt to head off all-out war. His talks with the combatants' leaders, however,

led to take place under heavy security at Sarajevo airport, because neither side could guarantee the diplomat a safety in the war-torn city.

Late on Thursday, Carrington was agreement from the combatants to abide by an earlier ceasefire, which had been repeatedly broken, and to resume talks this week on the newly independent Bosnia state's future. But within hours, heavy fighting resumed in Sarajevo and elsewhere. And by week's end, the ethnic violence that was raging through Bosnia had claimed more than 250 lives, with at least 2,800 people wounded, 1,200 missing and the number of refugees set at 305,000—14 per cent of the republic's population—by a UN estimate.

Among the wounded was a Canadian journalist caught in shelling in Slavsko Selo, a town just inside Croatia's border with Bosnia. A local doctor said that the man's passport identified him as 29-year-old Mostar-born Steve Doucet. The doctor said that Doucet, who underwent surgery for groin and leg injuries, was working for the National Film Board. But as a UN spokesman said that the agency has no records in the area and no record of the man. He added, however, that several years ago a Steve Doucet used technical services offered by the board to young film-makers.

**Bombing** Eight years ago, friendly relations between Bosnia and Serbia created warriors to their common aims as world-class soccer players and hockey players competed for gold at the 1984 Winter Olympics. But the situation last week was much more brutal. The city's Olympic stadium burned, and heavily armed gunmen fought running battles inside the 1984 Games' journalists' village. Serbian regulars, with the support of federal Yugoslav army tanks, at-

tacked vital installations throughout the city, including police stations, TV and radio complexes and the main electricity plant. "Muslims, Serbs and Croats have lived in this city together," lamented a young student of mixed Muslim-Serbian heritage as he watched especially vicious warring conflict at Sarajevo airport for an evacuation flight to Belgrade. He added: "I love this city. I grew up here. But it can never be the same again."

In Brijuni, Nasa Bajramovic, grieving for her murdered son, said that she and her neighbors had thought of themselves first as Yugoslavs. But she claimed that that feeling started to change over the past few months after local Serbs began spreading rumors that Croats and Muslims had been carrying out massacres against Bosnia's Serbian minority. "It was as if we were all being forced to get angry, to stand up and identify ourselves, become warring clans," said Bajramovic. The republic's ethnic communities quickly began turning themselves. And when both Muslims and Croats leaders called a referendum on Bosnia's independence, held on Feb. 29 and March 1, but boycotted by most Bosnian Serbs, Bajramovic voted for secession.

Violence quickly followed. Serbian militiamen, led by Zdravko Arkan, an alleged former attorney for the Yugoslav Communist government, bombarded Brijuni with mortars supplied by the Serbian-led Yugoslav army. Muslim defence units fought back ferociously, but Arkan's fighters won the battles that expelled the town for three days and nights. After capturing the local radio station, Arkan broadcast calls for all Muslims in what he called the "Bosnian" town to surrender their weapons.

His men stormed Brijuni, shooting young men suspected of carrying arms, one of them was Nasa Bajramovic's son. Yugoslav army troops at the local barracks did not intervene. They later made a statement that they had received no orders from Belgrade to do so.

**Raped.** Meanwhile, thousands of refugees from the besieged towns crossed the Drava River into Serbia. Their stories were uniformly painful. One woman sobbed uncontrollably, telling a reporter that her young daughter had been killed by sniper fire. A girl claimed to have been sexually raped at gunpoint. An elderly woman helped her husband shuffle painfully along, his legs braced, he said, from seven beatings by paramilitary forces. Learning their victims brutalized both physically and psychologically, Arkan's men moved on to other Bosnian towns claimed by Serbs, warning local Muslim defence units that if they did not surrender, they would suffer "the same fate as the people in Brijuni."

As the violence escalated, the president of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Alija Izetbegovic, urged the dispatch of UN peacekeepers to his republic. But in New York City last week, UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali said that all parties were to blame for the situation in Bosnia-Herzegovina, adding that it was not feasible to dispatch peacekeepers to the strife-torn republic. Abdul Azizovic-Ghali "Gives the international community and Bosnia's own people, and especially in view of the current widespread violence, [UN special envoy Cyrus Vance] could not recommend to me such a course of action."

Still, the United States and the 40 other accused Serbs, the largest Yugoslav republic,

of involvement in the Bosnian fighting to try to gain territory. And President George Bush's administration has threatened to make Serbs an "anomalous pariah" if it does not act as usual. To that end, a growing list of countries last week called for the UN Security Council to take action against Serbia. And Canada, which recognized the independence of Bosnia-Herzegovina on April 6, sent a senior official to Belgrade to protest the Yugoslav army's military actions in the breakaway republic. However, Serbian Foreign Minister Vukoslav Jovanovic remained defiant, maintaining that the Serbian-led Yugoslav army is a stabilizing factor in Bosnia, while denying any expansionist intentions there.

Analysts say that Western nations will likely impose economic and diplomatic sanctions on Serbia. That would prevent a serious blow to Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic at a time when he is seeking a new international responsibility. Following declarations of independence by three of Yugoslavia's six republics—Slovenia, Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina—and the expected secession of Macedonia, Milosevic wants Serbia and its tiny sister republic of Montenegro to absorb both the disintegrating country's name and its seat on world bodies.

But that is unlikely to happen while violence still rages in Bosnia-Herzegovina. A veteran Western diplomat in Belgrade painted a gloomy scenario for the Balkan republic: "This will be a region of instability for decades to come. Just like a modern-day shattered Ypres War."

ANDREW RUSSELL with LOUISE BRANSON in Belgrade and corresponding reports

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# TIGHTENING CIRCLES

## CORPORATE SCAVENGERS

### WOULD LIKE TO PROFIT FROM THE REICHMANNS' PROBLEMS

**I**f frequent flyer points from airlines could be applied to corporate debt, troubled Olympia & York Development Ltd. of Toronto would be in much better financial shape. Last week, as rumors of O&Y's potential bankruptcy trailed across global financial markets, advisers to the company's owners, Toronto's exclusive Reichmann family, took flight for destinations around the world. Their reason: to ensure the support of existing creditors, who are owed a total of \$54.3 billion by O&Y, and to raise desperately needed new cash. While chief debt negotiator Robert (Steve) Miller was in London exhibiting a syndrome of international banter to advance O&Y an additional \$200 million for work on its Canary Wharf project, other O&Y representatives traveled to the Midwest and the Orient in search of fresh infusions of capital. One delegation reportedly held meetings in Hong Kong with Infocore Inc. in Kwang, who has already bought a stake in one of O&Y's 12 office buildings in New York City. Other Reichmann enterprises were reported to be seeking financial backing from several oil-rich Persian Gulf states, including Saudi Arabia, Dubai and Kuwait.

By week's end, the increasingly frantic search to contain O&Y's cash crisis had produced some positive results. In its first sale of assets since its financial distress became public in March, the company sold a 7.13-million-share block of Citicorp Financial Corp., valued at about \$65 million, net. Executives also negotiated a \$50-million short-term loan from a group of banks to cover the company's immediate operating expenses and, for the first time, stated that they would consider selling up to 50 per cent of its Canary Wharf building. Then, late on Friday, sources close to a group of O&Y's London banks and that the institutions were ready to lend the company at

least part of what it had requested to keep work going on incomplete sections of Canary Wharf. Earlier, Miller had told reporters on the British capital that O&Y was not on the verge of bankruptcy. "You couldn't say the company will not be allowed to go down by its lenders," he asserted.

But in Toronto, investors holding about \$250 million in O&Y asset-backed bonds—known as commercial paper—became increasingly vocal in their frustration with the company. Although O&Y has promised to repay them as soon as it sells its 36-story Exchange Tower in Toronto, which secures the bonds in question, investors note it clear that they have become impatient with the slow-down in fulfilling that promise. The sale of the office building brings on low quotations from Ottawa and the Ontario government, but the federal government declined to commit itself until work as it awaited more detailed financial information from the troubled company. The delays, meanwhile, increased the risk that one or more of the company's creditors might force one attachment. If that occurs, the company could find itself seeking court protection under a variety of legal provisions in the three jurisdictions where its assets are concentrated: Canada, the United States and Britain (page 38).

But evidence of the company's increasing distress was pervasively viewed anew for many lawyers, investment bankers, bond traders and unaccredited rich-and-famous who were going to profit from the Reichmanns' descent. Still one return remains on condition of anonymity: "The give-lenders and underwriters are gathering." For some, the attraction was the prospect of buying off some of O&Y's assets at distressed-sale prices. For others, there was the outlook of immediate action, as the Reichmanns and their many



Paul Reichmanns' assets, but not all, of the needed debt relief

creditors sought advice from accredited banks of professional consultants. Yet others, aware that financial markets have been too hasty to dismiss O&Y's chances for recovery, but were aggressively bought up the company's bonds for prices as low as 50 cents on the dollar.

For the leading brokerage firm of R. B. R. & Co. in New York, which operates in credit the securities of troubled and bankrupt firms, O&Y's problems have already proven to contain a golden lining. RBC has been one of the most active traders of the four oil bond issues that trade on O.S. exchanges. Still the firm's research division, Michael Berry, "The O&Y story has been a great one for us. There is a lot of investor interest in the bonds of such a high-profile fallen angel." George Putnam, meanwhile, who publishes the Boston-based *Bankruptcy Data Service*, noted that his subscribers are clamoring for any information he can provide about O&Y's situation—and say analysts at the company may be eager to sell off. Putnam said that although corporate debt holders normally become credit name companies, O&Y stands out as the potential "mother of all bankruptcies."

Lenders feel the list of those who benefit from a corporate restructuring is massive as O&Y's. Because many of the Reichmanns' major creditors are foreign, they require highly specialized legal representatives who are familiar with Canadian political procedure and who are close to the course of the action at Toronto. Even Canada's creditors with a large stake in O&Y, including the chartered banks, usually retain outside lawyers as well as attorneys as complex as the O&Y restructuring. The result, according to sources in Toronto, is that legal costs, but have been a welcome to secure the services of the city's leading bankruptcy experts. For its part, O&Y has retained a phalanx of lawyers and accountants, some of whom are on paid on the same scale as the senior legal counselors, ranging from local firms Devlin & Black and Bennett White & Gasser, which specializes in bankruptcies, to a high-powered team from Philadelphia in New York, Weil Gotshal & Manges.

Although O&Y's financial overhead is still at the primary stage, similar restructuring in the past have racked up staggering expenses. In two U.S. cases, legal bills for the analysis of relatives, *Forbes* Department Stores Inc. and *W. L. Gore & Co.* eventually topped \$100 million. Legal and financial advisers not only charged every negotiating session, but also drafted and revised countless documents—bills for each hour's service along the way. Hourly rates for such advice, said one senior lawyer,

cy lawyer at a top Toronto firm, are typically up to \$200 for the 13-hour day. O&Y's costs have ballooned, that translates into billings of as much as \$4,000 a day.

For legal firms representing creditors, the involvement is less time-consuming until the restructuring process gets fully under way. Still, because debt holders usually have claims on different assets, some law firms may represent—and bill—more than one secured creditor without a conflict of interest. Said one senior Toronto lawyer, whose firm represents four different debt creditors, "It's usually possible to anticipate any conflict of interest at the outset. Most often it lies between secured and unsecured creditors."

Meanwhile, as more that assets directed at containing the potentially enormous cost of a full-scale corporate collapse, O&Y's strategists appear to be laying the foundation for what is known as financial crisis as a "pre-packaged" bankruptcy. Using that approach, a financially strapped company makes separate deals with each of its creditors in advance of filing for bankruptcy, securing their endorsement for an overall restructuring plan. The company then appears in court only to seek formal approval for the new arrangement—often cutting the time for processing a bankruptcy to a month from as long as eight years, the time required to settle the case of *Peco Central Corp.* of Connecticut. American real estate tycoon Donald Trump, for one, used the approach when his casino operations failed in June, 1990. According to one of the lawyers involved with O&Y, the Reichmanns are already trying to "cut side deals and do the grassroots work," in case they are forced to seek bankruptcy protection.

The work of the lawyers is supplemented by special flying squads of investment bankers and accountants, some of whom are on paid on the same scale as the senior legal counselors. O&Y has retained J. F. Morgan & Co. Inc. and James D. Wolfensohn Inc. in New York and Burns Fry Inc. in Toronto as independent financial advisers.

Although the cost of these firms' services is not public, Thomas Johnson, who listed only three weeks as O&Y's president after his last pay cheque on March 25, reportedly received \$2 million for his efforts to get O&Y's descent restructuring under way. First Waterhouse, meanwhile, received a client advisory fee of \$2 million. But industry observers say that they expect the company's creditors will demand independent audits and analysis of financial information from the company as well—

## Business Notes

### A BEER-WITH TRUCK

Ottawa and Washington announced agreement in principle on a cross-border trucking pact. The pact would allow trucks from both countries to haul goods through the 10-day free zone of the St. Lawrence Seaway, effective in April 1991, on a case of 24 hours of Canadian law imported into the United States. In return for the duty-free merchandise, Ottawa agreed to provide an increase in trucking fees by Sept. 26, 1993. The federal government had long sought an update of March, 1984.

### LEADER OF THE PACK?

The Washington-based International Monetary Fund forecast that Canada will post the highest growth rate, 4.6 per cent, and the lowest inflation rate, 2.5 per cent, among industrialized countries in 1993. But the agency added that the unemployment rate will likely remain above 12 per cent next year.

### A BILLING MAC

The world's largest McDonald's system, now owned by Vancouver Square Inc. (Squig), a joint venture between Chicago-based McDonald's Corp. and the Chinese government, the two firms, 50-50, market is even larger than the chain's restaurant in Moscow, a joint venture between McDonald's Restaurants of Canada Ltd. and Russian authorities.

### THE UNEMPLOYED SINKS

Most names Standard and Poor's Corp. of New York City placed all seven major U.S.-owned airlines that are not already bankrupt on its CreditWatch list. The seven, including American and Delta, have slumped since the past month, even though many are offering steep reward fares.

### A CLASH OF TITANS

Canadian Pacific Ltd. filed suit to prevent Alcanco, a Toronto-based company, from selling off a 10 per cent stake that it does not already own in Telcel Canada, Canada's mobile telecommunications monopoly. Canadian Pacific alleges that Alcanco is selling competition in the industry.

### BACK ON TRACK

Via Rail restaurants began transmuting train service this week with the scheduled departure from Vancouver and Toronto of the refurbished Canadian. The renewed 1850-vintage aluminum dining cars feature overhead lighting and are in the dining room. The price of a one-way ticket \$499.00—equipped with \$432.28 for a regular meal only.

generating new business for other firms.

Another group of professionals is also keeping a keen eye on developments at Oak: the colorfully named venture-bustle investors. Since many of the high-flying corporate mergers of the 1980s began crumbing to earth early in this decade, canny fund managers, more than based in the United States, have spent billions of dollars to snap up the assets and securities of a stage of financially troubled operations at a discount. Although Oak has no public equity outstanding and its assets, to date, are not on the auction block, it does have loads and other forms of debt on the market. And Richard Iler notes that Oak's bonds, trading far below their face value because of the high risk associated with the company's delicate financial condition, but yielding potential returns of up to 30 per cent, have generated considerable interest among "vultures" in the United States.

Even though the Reichmanns have made plain their reluctance to lose control of any of their extensive real estate holdings in return for debt relief, many of their creditors say that Oak will not sell some of its properties in Britain and North America to raise cash. If the Reichmanns eventually do help out for debt relief, there will be no simple supply of interested buyers, despite a widespread depression in real-estate markets. In addition to international bargain hunters, including the Kowling and others who speculate in buying properties from desperate owners, several Canadian pension funds have begun to buy bargain-priced real



estate as part of diversification strategies.

For one, the Ontario Municipal Employees Retirement Board, with \$15 billion in assets, has acquired almost \$2 billion in real estate in the past two years. In addition to purchasing properties from bankrupt Canadian Corp. of Toronto, the retirement board has also bought partial interests in several shopping malls from their cash-strapped developers. Said Charles Magnuson, president of the board's real estate division,

"We have the luxury of a long-term horizon on our investments and no bankers at our door." The \$10-billion Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, meanwhile, is following the same course: it recently purchased 50 per cent in three shopping malls from developer Cadillac Fairview of Toronto, as well as commercial property in Vancouver.

Spain took a clearly a heavy toll afforded the creditors of Oak. Instead, as they struggle to restructure their company, they must increasingly deal with scavengers, as well as creditors, at their door.

#### DISORDERLY MARCHES

opportunities for creditors and the courts to cooperate with a company's management.

In Canada, companies seeking relief from the demands of creditors file an application under the Federal Companies Creditors Arrangement Act. That act, which dates from the Great Depression of the 1930s,

allows companies to restructure their affairs to stay afloat and maintain creditworthiness by taking any legal arrangement it wishes Chapter 11, however, it does not impose any restrictions on the operations of the business, nor does it provide for any asset freezing.

While under the act's protection, the company and its creditors are expected to settle in a so-called plan of arrangement that will satisfy the lenders. For the plan to be approved by the court, a majority of creditors in each class of lender, representing at least three-quarters of the value of the debt in all, must endorse it.

Taken together, the three arms of legislation ensure that even if Oak fails to reach a restructuring agreement with its creditors outside the supervision of the courts, negotiators over a \$13.3-billion debt will continue for some time to come.

D. M.

## BUSINESS WATCH



# Why this Canary may never fly

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Nothing helps explain more dramatically the Reichmann brothers' trouble in converting the world's largest real estate developer into the giant of the business courts than a visit to Canary Wharf, the megaproject at the edge of London that may sink their dream.

The concept was grand enough to allow them to convert the world's largest bank to lose them \$3.5 billion without slowing the usually craggy pace of a peek at their books. The reality is very different. Only a banker who got his training writing up losses for Robert Campeau would take a run at this one. On a recent trip to London, I visited the neighborhood of Canary Wharf, on the edge of Dock, a long seven kilometers from London's financial district. On this swampland, Paul Reichmann staked his family's fate.

Presumably, because on one morning the blubbers at the floundering Reichmann empire have taken the time to call off the Canary Wharf they have used to woo Canary tenants, their private vessel still runs from Canary Wharf, Dock on the Thames I boarded the ship, which is equipped with self-lubricating and helicopter-charged engines that allow it to cruise at 25 knots, and we swept by historic London—under Waterloo Bridge and past Royal Festival Hall, past St. Paul's Cathedral and under London Bridge, and straight into the bowels of the River. The ship's engines, permanently moored in the river. This the shipowners began to deteriorate—with mass-covered panels, diesel barges and rotting pilings that supported loose-boarded docks, a London harbor rarely see.

Suddenly, as if the river had risen the Tin Man of the Thames, Canary Wharf. The day I arrived, only one crane at work and a lone crane in the distance. The ship's engines, permanently moored in the river, were used to provide anchorage, and the Canary Wharf towers that line Canary's main entrance were swathed in a German sunrise for 38 years, their roots transposed basically, so they could more easily be transposed to a German sun like this one.

The Reichmanns' master plan called for construction of an eventual 14 million square

*Canary Wharf is a monument to Paul Reichmann—a man who didn't know bungee cords need to have leg holds*

feet of office and retail space, with a million square feet being completed annually for the balance of the decade. So far, about 4.5 million square feet has been finished and less than 60 per cent of the space is rented, with fewer than half the tenants having actually moved in. A 50-story marble-clad tower dominates the site, but it's the Reichmanns' straggled apartment building that strikes the visitor.

Everything is loose, unstable steel, cast in a megalithic, if not a megalithic. Mr. Reichmann's unstable marble from 30 different countries, each pattern and texture designed to suit the appropriate location, a Reichmanns office complex. The granite used on the floors of one building had to be "hand-cut by hand" because it proved to be slippery in wet weather. The water flow of the fountain in the main square is governed by wind sensors to reduce its arc in high winds, so that bystanders don't get splashed. Four 30-story-tall British oak trees have been transplanted to use of the owners to provide anchorage, and the Canary Wharf towers that line Canary's main entrance were swathed in a German sunrise for 38 years, their roots transposed basically, so they could more easily be transposed to a German sun like this one.

The road eventually stops absorbing details of the builders' bumbled mess, but it's painfully evident that this was meant to be his economic development that a grandiose monument. In our still-rigid structure, in eight-story, steel-filled tower atrium of about 60,000 square feet was carved not just to give those with inside offers a pleasant view. No wonder the Reichmanns had to sign mortgages on their profitable North American buildings to finance their British office plans. No wonder they need \$100 million in more money funds just to finish the buildings at their luxury standards. (This is just for completion of space already leased, an interest cost I could escape choice.)

According to one insider, it costs \$45 million a month just to maintain the half-empty project in order to attract some of the harder-headed tenants, the Reichmanns bought back the leases at locations from which they are moving. The landlords probably own on each one of their office space in the City, London's financial heart, as they are trying to sell at Canary. Central Bank, for one, sold his nearby buildings where his Daily Telegraph is printed to the Reichmanns for \$60 million, before agreeing to move his company headquarters into the Canary Wharf Tower. (The Telegraph property now is worth only \$8 million.)

London's real estate market is in a state of collapse. City rents have dropped by 40 per cent in the past two years, and property values are down by at least a third. At the moment, there are 35 million square feet of vacant office space in downtown London. Steven Massell of the Midland Bank points out that "the market is so thin, it's hard to ascertain what the market value of property really is."

On top of that independent calamity, the Reichmanns face the disappearance of the British government's enterprise zone classification, which gave tenants incentives that are due to expire this month.

All these problems have been crisscrossed in turning Canary from a potential glowing corporate center into a dead-end. But the factor killing the project, long softly than the agency documents experience getting there. The Docklands Light Railway, which was supposed to be one of the main links, remains a sick joke, though its equipment and rolling stock are being gradually upgraded. The government is spending \$140 million on Canary road, but that money won't wait either, except for executives in their chauffeur-driven turbo Bentley.

The only private mass-transportation link requires extensive work. The line, only 16 km from its current terminal at Canary Wharf to Greenwich, with a stop at Canary. That will cost \$3.5 billion. The Reichmanns had pledged \$400 million towards the transportation project, but raised their final installment of \$10 million, but raised their final installment of \$10 million, but raised their final installment of \$10 million.

Canary Wharf was supposed to become the corporate headquarters of the New Europe. It's much more likely to be a concrete-and-marble monument to Paul Reichmann as the ultimate real estate gambler—a man who didn't know bungee cords are supposed to have leg holds.

## THE BOTTOM LINE ON BANKRUPTCY

If Olympia and York Developments Ltd.'s creditors refuse the company's appeals for loan extensions and additional funding, it could be forced to seek protection from its creditors under bankruptcy laws in Canada, the United States and Britain. Rules vary among those countries, but if there is a company has to demonstrate that it has a credible plan to restructure its assets and liabilities before it proceeds.

Several developments could leave Oak to seek court protection. For one thing, the company is currently in default on commercial paper and bond issues underwritten by trustees who have a legal responsibility to ensure that the loans are repaid. The trustees could insist that Oak reduce the interest, a step that could tip the company into insolvency. A so-called cross-default provision in other loan agreements that if Oak fails to service one loan, it is automatically considered in default on another—opening the way for creditors to attempt to force it into liquidation.

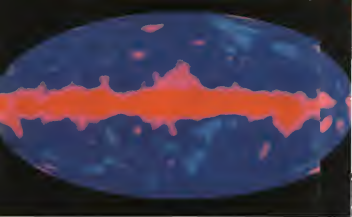
In the United States, Oak would ask for protection under Chapter 11, the U.S. bankruptcy code. Under its terms, a federal judge issues a stay, which prohibits credi-

### Saudi King Fahd: potential help from the Gulf

news from using a company for repayment of debts during a 120-day period, while management formulates a financial restructuring plan. The company's daily operations, meanwhile, are funded by so-called debtor-in-possession loans, although any major spending or asset sale requires court approval.

While the way remains in place, creditors appoint representatives to negotiate with the company's management, a role known to the problems. At the end of the negotiations, two-thirds of all creditors must approve any resulting agreement before it goes to a judge for final approval. If the creditors or the court do not endorse the restructuring, allowing the firm to restructure, the company may be forced into Chapter 7—liquidating the liquidation of its assets.

The U.S. Chapter 11 served as the model for a new British code of administration introduced in 1986. Like Chapter 11, the Administration Act puts repayment on hold while propping up



COVER

# 'LOOKING AT GOD'

Since the beginning of time, earth-bound man has searched the heavens for signs that would enrich his life, his soul—and his comprehension. For the ancients, the search was largely spiritual, or astrological, and the findings were based on theological belief. But for the past 240 years, from the invention of the telescope to the advent of manned space flight, that exploration has taken on a physical dimension as humans and their machines pushed beyond the moon, the planets and the sun to the limitless universe beyond. Then, last week, American scientists announced the discovery of radiation patterns in space that may mark the beginning of time itself. Said astrophysicist George Smoot, leader of the research team: "If you're religious, it's like looking at God. The order is so beautiful and the symme-

**STARTLING NEW  
IMAGES FROM DEEP  
SPACE APPARENTLY  
SHOW THE ORIGIN  
OF THE UNIVERSE**

try so beautiful that you think there is some design behind it."

The findings, based on more than 240 million measurements by a U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) satellite, still need additional verification. But their presentation at an American Physical Society meeting in Washington touched off a celebration among physicists around the world. Many have claimed that the universe came into being about 15 billion years ago as the result of a cataclysmic explosion—the so-called Big Bang theory—which sent immense quantities of matter and energy traveling billions of miles in all directions. The remnants of the blast, in the form of microwaves known as cosmic background radiation, were detected in 1964 by Nobel Prize winners Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

What remained a mystery was how stars and galaxies could have evolved from material that was uniformly distributed throughout the universe.

The answer, said Smoot, appears to have been provided by NASA's Cosmic Background Explorer satellite. It detected minute temperature fluctuations, as small as one thirty-thirtieth of a degree, in the radiation field. These temperature differences, he added, effectively stirred up the otherwise smooth soup left by the Bang and set in motion the processes that ultimately created the galaxies. "These small variations are the seeds of the galaxies in the fabric of space-time put there by the primordial explosion process," said Smoot, a physicist at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory at Berkeley, Calif., and the University of California, San Diego. "Over billions of years, the smallest of these ripples have grown into galaxies, clusters of galaxies and the great voids of space." Because the temperature variations took billions of years to reach the satellite's sensors, they may reflect how the universe was evolving when it was only 300,000 years old.

For months before last week's meeting in Washington, the space scientists community had been battling with rumors of a possible cosmological breakthrough. But not until the morning of April 23, when 80 astrophysicists arrived for a meeting, one of 11 scheduled for that morning to discuss the satellite's findings at the Smithsonian's Ronald W. Paez Conference Room, did the full magnitude of a new glimpse into the origins of the universe become clear.

**Papalotto:** The 47-year-old Smoot unveiled the first evidence of a long-sought cosmological missing link. From data picked up by the first-long, receivers on the satellite, Smoot and his team say that they have presented the oldest and largest cosmic structures yet known, the first anomalies in a scarcely universal soup that signaled the beginning of galaxies. Nancy Boggess, a UCLA scientist who is a member of Smoot's 18-person team, compared it to an archaeologist's stumbling on a billion-year-old fossil that confirms theories on the beginnings of life. "This is the oldest relic, the oldest fossil of the universe," she said. "It shows what the universe must have been like after the Big Bang."

While acknowledging that the analysis of the satellite data still required further confirmation, scientists hailed the findings as a major breakthrough. At England's Cambridge University, physicist Stephen Hawking, the celebrated author of the best-selling book *A Brief History of Time*, declared that the findings represented "the discovery of the century—if not of all time." Physicist Jack Bradu of the

University of California at Santa Cruz said that if Smoot's conclusions are fully confirmed, "it is one of the major discoveries of the century. In fact, it's one of the major discoveries of science." Added Michael Turner, a University of Chicago physicist: "The significance of this cannot be overstated. They have found the Holy Grail of cosmology."

**Condon:** While the magnitude of the scientific discovery was difficult for laymen to grasp, Smoot suggested that the findings ultimately will enrich human life by providing a fuller picture of how the universe evolved. "People are excited by knowing where they came from and knowing how they fit in the universe," Smoot told Merle Hays (page 42). "Think of how people felt when they saw the pictures from the moon of the Earth. They saw the blue-and-green globe with clouds around it, and they realized that we share a world. Now, we are

looking at signs of clustering into clumps of matter that have developed into stars and galaxies. So, Boggess: "This deepened the quandary for theorists: how did we get from smooth to lumpy?"

An Jelle Lutz, director of the astronomical sciences division of the Washington-based National Science Foundation, in Washington, put it: "At some point, the universe had to go from a very uniform compact soup to planets and galaxies. At some point, it had to break up. The question has been, when did this happen?" Even more puzzling was the remaining lack of evidence to back up the claim that the Big Bang jump-started the process. Said Mark Halpern, a physics professor at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver who specializes in studies of cosmic background radiation: "If these experiments had not been anything, we would have been in deep trouble in terms of



Smoot's image of space from satellite data (opposite), defining ancient structures

going to give people perspective about how our solar system, our galaxy and everything else fit. Together, and how we conceive of how the whole universe was born and how it developed, the pieces it went through and how it came to have a structure as it."

Experts in astrophysics said that the new sighting of ancient tracks in the cosmos is a boon to scientists, who can now investigate what happened in the first fraction of a second after the Big Bang, the platform on which many had based their assumptions about the origins of the universe. Until recently, measurements of radiation from the cosmos, including satellite data from the Cosmic Background Explorer, showed what the scientists call a "smooth Big Bang"—an undifferentiated cosmic broth that

explaining the Big Bang. "Added Lutz: "The Big Bang theory seemed in trouble for a while. People were saying, 'If the observations keep on not fitting some important parts of the theory, hey, maybe we should start changing our theory.'" (page 42).

**Shawyer:** Reaction leading solid support to the Big Bang theory, the findings by Smoot's team provided new support for NASA, which, during the past few years, has been embattled by a series of disasters. At the same time, members of the U.S. scientific community were clearly relieved that Smoot and his group originally checked and re-analyzed their data before announcing a breakthrough—allege the two scientists who claimed a breakthrough in cold-fusion energy generation those

years ago. Those claims subsequently were discredited when other scientists could not replicate them. In 1984, however, a spokesman for the American Institute of Physics in New York City, pointed out that Sneed's team, unlike the earlier-lapse elements, distributed four scientific papers at the Washington meeting and submitted them for publication in the *Astrophysical Journal*, a periodical published by the University of Chicago for the Washington-based American Astronomical Society.

"Sneedism": In contrast, Sneed's team hesitated to make their discovery known through a simple news conference connected to their colleagues. And although the startling data were available to them more than two months ago, Sneed wanted to continue to receive attention to obtain a further level of certainty. Said Sneed: "The results were so unusual that I just wanted to make absolutely sure of what they were saying."

Like the evolution of the universe and the saga of the Cosmic Background Explorer satellite, which is set to orbit 360 days after carrying sensitive microwave receivers, had a long and bumpy history. The proposal for such a mission was first submitted to NASA in 1974. It was the whimsical of John Mather, a mathematician at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md., who supervised the project. It took another eight years of research and lobbying before NASA approved it in 1982, and continued in with Sneed's project

to measure cosmic radiation by using a satellite-mounted microwave receiver. The actual building of the 50-foot-dia Explorer cost an estimated \$240 million. Said Sneed: "It wasn't an expensive space mission. But money is always a problem."

Then, in January, 1988, the mission was delayed by tragedy, the Challenger shuttle explosion that took the lives of six crew members aboard, including Concord, N.H., mother



Mather: the questing human spirit, the restless search for answers

and teacher Charita McCallie. The Explorer satellite was scheduled to be lifted into space on a future shuttle flight. With the Challenger disaster, and subsequent reconfigurations within NASA, the project had to go back to the drawing board—to be redesigned for launch by an unmanned rocket.

The change in plan stemmed from the potential risks involved in carrying the satellite into

space. To make measurements possible in the fragility of outer space, two of the satellite's measuring instruments were enclosed in what Sneed described as a "gold thermal" containing 130 gallons of liquid helium. The scientists said that they wanted to keep the temperature of the instruments at about 15 degrees above absolute zero (273°K). But the gold thermal was thin-skinned, under heavy atmospheric pressure and capable of

being pierced if any mishap occurred during the shuttle's launch. After the Challenger disaster, NASA officials said that they would not take such a risk. Said Sneed: "After the Challenger, safety became a key consideration."

**Shuttle:** Finally, the launch took place in November, 1988, sending the satellite into a polar orbit that looped over Canada and the Arctic. But after scientists analyzed the first data, which still showed a statistically smooth, or unblemished, Big Bang, the team was disappointed. Sneed compared the team's task to reconstructing a picture of the sky through 300 million individual data points, or snapshots, each one of which had to be examined and re-examined for the slightest distortion.

During the project, Sneed studied back and forth from his classroom, laboratory and home in Berkeley to a lesser site, the satellite's Data Analysis Center, a dark hut on the Goddard Flight Center, where a sophisticated series of computers was processing the radio-wave signals. By last October, he Sneed put it, "a

team to believe in a steady creation, most Christians and Jewish theologians no longer view Genesis as a scientific description of the origin of the universe. Said James Packer, an Anglican cleric and professor at Regent College in Vancouver: "It isn't that Christians have conceded anything; it is science, except in the sense that they might never be able to prove it. God's creation is there for all to see."

Puritan poet, John Donne (1572-1633) and James scholar at Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple, said that about 50 years ago, he wrote to ask physicist Albert Einstein to describe his picture of God. "His answer to me," said Packer, "was that what ever divinity he saw in the universe, he saw in the sense of order and sustained nature." Packer added: "My tradition speaks of God creating the universe. The universe is not the detached creationist myth, but the idea that the universe is not an accident."

MARY MEYER



The Cosmic Background Explorer satellite: a long and bumpy road to success

lacked like we had a glimpse of something. But a glimpse is not the way a scientist, here at Goddard, wants to measure a major finding."

In the aftermath of the Washington announcement of the satellite's findings, some members of Sneed's team said that the break-through might be only the beginning of their discoveries. They still have another year's worth of data to analyze, and their material could provide further insights into the beginning of space and time. Said Sneed: "We aren't finished yet."

**Theology:** In the international scientific community, physicists and other experts said that the new findings could pave the way for a more detailed picture of the origin of the universe. Richard Peto, a professor of physics at the University of Toronto's Canadian Institute for Theoretical Astrophysics, said that if the results are validated, "it's fantastic. Now, we have a window back to very early time." Peto added: "The sense of order and sustained nature came into being," added Peto, "but we're seeing closer. This is why there is so much excitement. They have built a very strong case that the fluctuations they detected are primordial, that they are from the stage of time."

For his part, William Unruh, a University of

British Columbia physics professor and, like Peto, a member of the Toronto-based Canadian Institute for Advanced Research, said that his team designed the experiments with extreme care to make sure that the satellite would measure radiation beyond Earth's own galaxy. Scientists had previously reported discovering microwave radiation from the beginning of time, but said only in 1964 that their results were probably contaminated by material much closer to Earth.

Sneed's announcement of the satellite's findings and his remark about "looking at God" revived the long-standing discussion about the relationship between science and religion. Still, many members of major religious denominations now accept that scientific explanation of the origins of the universe do not differ fundamentally from the lead of simplified accounts in the Bible's Book of Genesis. "I think we could agree that those results form up most of the picture of what we see today," said Peto. "We could agree that those results form up most of the picture of what we see today," said Peto. "We could agree that those results form up most of the picture of what we see today," said Peto.

Some scientists, however, are not so sure. Sneed and religion are not mutually exclusive, he said, because "I feel that religion is a completely different dimension not susceptible to scientific proof." For his part, Rev. Roderick

Donahue, a science lecturer and theological adviser at New York's Trinity Institute, a theological school, said that "cosmology and the Big Bang are very compatible understandings of the science of time. There was a beginning and time was an end." For many theologians, Donahue added, there is no conflict between the Big Bang theory advanced by science and the belief that God created the universe out of pre-existing chaos.

Some fundamentalist religious leaders disagreed. Henry Morris, president of the Institute for Creation Research in Stenton, Calif., said that it was too early to evaluate the new findings. But he added that members of his conservative institute maintain that there is scientific evidence for the biblical teaching that the world was created in six days, and within the past 7,000 years.

**Challenge:** For Sneed's team and for the NASA technicians under Mather who designed and built the Cosmic Background Explorer, the ongoing applause that greeted their announcement was sweet vindication for meticulous and dogged work. Said Sneed: "We designed this instrument to do just this sort of thing, and we set out to do it in 1974-1988." But, as they placed further experiments, members of Sneed's team could only be acutely aware of the financial and political pressures the satellite project faces at a time of severe budgetary cutbacks at NASA and throughout government agencies. Sneed told the challenge of convincing NASA officials to keep the satellite aloft for a fourth year—at an annual cost of about \$9.5 million.

Meanwhile, scientists who said that the Explorer's findings appeared to have confirmed the Big Bang theory considered the next major step in cosmology that needs to be done. One area of continuing mystery centers on the theory of so-called dark matter, substance particles that some scientists estimate make up as much as 90 percent of all the matter in the universe. Following Sneed's announcement of the Explorer findings, these scientists said that the discovery of subatomic variations in temperature in the background radiation of the universe actually supported the theory of dark matter, as well as another that holds that the universe was through a brief period of rapid expansion shortly after the Big Bang.

When those issues and others are resolved, scientists will come even closer to the most fundamental puzzle of all: what caused the universe to be created in the first place? Theologians say that they already know the answer, but some scientists believe that the discovery of subatomic variations in temperature have indeed, the University of California's Packer said, and that the findings of Sneed's team may have brought science "in close as we expect to be to seeing the conditions at the start of the universe." But because it is in the nature of modern science, and the ongoing human spirit, the restless search for further knowledge, he added, "it is not surprising that the first, expansive glimpse of the beginning of time."

BAR CORRELL and MARK McDONALD with ALAN MCKENZIE in Washington

## FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

—Genesis 1:1-5

Although Christians and members of other major religions once reacted angrily to scientific theories of creation, last week's announcement of data that could bolster the Big Bang theory of the universe's origin caused scarcely a ripple in religious circles. Scientists in Washington announced that satellite data appeared to represent radioactive patterns from a period just after the cosmic bang, known as the Big Bang, they brought the universe into being. Spoken for various scientists in Canada said that the theory does not contradict the



# THE MAN WHO HAS "THE KEY"

## SHINING LIGHT ON COSMIC SECRETS

Two days after his triumphant announcement of the *Explorer* satellite's dramatic findings, astrophysicist George Smoot talked for several hours with Maclean's. Smoot talked about the cosmological discovery that changed the course of his life in *Smoot's* hour near *Greenbelt, Md.* Smoot discussed the significance of his team's discovery and how it was achieved. *Excerpt:*

**On why the findings are important to non-scientists:** Everyone feels the need to know what they were born into and who they are. Every culture has had myths about how the world began. In modern times, we are very technologically and we have our scientific version. And it turns out that science's version is more incredible than any myth anyone ever made.

**On the Big Bang theory:** Twenty-eight years ago, with the discovery of the relic radiation from the Big Bang, the theory suddenly vaulted into the forefront of science's explanation of the origin of the universe. The theory says that the universe started from conditions that were extremely hot and extremely dense. The big mystery was that when we observe the universe, we see all these regions and galaxies that are made of matter with empty regions between them. Up until now, when we looked at the relic radiation from the Big Bang, which gives us a picture of what the universe looked like 380,000 years after the Big Bang, or 15 billion years ago, when the universe was very new, it was uniform. So there was this period, you can say that you have a very smooth beginning and you have a highly unsmooth present, and how did the universe make that transition?

**On the searching for the origins of the universe:** We measured the background radiation with radio receivers and we measured the amount of power coming in from all parts of the sky. That radiation has been travelling to us for 15 billion years. We know that after the Big Bang, there was a transition of matter. Instead of being gas or liquid, it turned into plasma, and suddenly it becomes opaque like a fog. The universe was like being in a morning fog as it expanded. Then it cooled down and became transparent. Light has been travelling to us from the edges of the fog for 15 billion years, and we are looking back 15 billion years—almost to start. That's how we know that we are measuring what things looked like at the time.

**On what the satellite finding showed:** We thought there had to be ripples. That is what I have been working to try to find for 15 years—to find those ripples. The ripples because of cosmic variations in matter, and those are the seeds that were going to change the matter together and make it cooler so stars and galaxies formed, and the primordial material condensed into planets. We expected to find the ripples on a much bigger level, and that is why there is one more missing piece. If they are as small [as the satellite data indicated], there must be this invisible matter in the universe.



Smoot: "What drove me for three months was that I wanted to know the answer."

and like the material you and I are made out of, but matter that doesn't interact with light. It is invisible and the only way that you can see it is by its footprint. It is an invisible mass that walks across a carpet. You can see a footprint and how much he walks on, and you can tell how heavy he is. And that's what we are seeing. We are using the footprints of the invisible matter of the universe.

**On what caused the ripples:** Whatever caused the rapid expansion of the universe following the Big Bang—the same forces

caused the big ripples. Because if you try to do something too fast, you shake a little. God might be the driver.

**On his team's work:** For 15 years, we thought about how to do the experiments. We had to worry about the moon, the galaxies—anything that could produce a signal. When you are looking back in history, you have to look past everything that ever happened. Then we had to make decisions. We spent three or four years putting them together, testing them. Then we had to take data for over a year, and we finally had enough data points. Then we had 360-million data points and we had to process it very carefully. If only a tiny fraction of the data was wrong, there would be a mistake. So part of the past year we spent checking that we had done everything right. Trying to account for everything and putting everything together as this giant jigsaw puzzle.

**On how the findings could be used:** People speculate that if we can understand how the universe began, we might be able to make our own universe. It's scary. You just have to get a tiny part of space into the same conditions as our original universe and then it happens automatically. That is what is so wonderful about this theory. Whooah, and you have the whole universe.

# THE BIG PICTURE

## COSMOLOGISTS SWEEP THE SKY FOR ANSWERS

Like swart parents, William Urrish occasionally takes his young son outside at night to gaze at the stars and to look for such constellations as the Big Dipper and Orion. And like most parents, the 69-year-old Vancouver resident acknowledges that he can consistently only see a few constellations at the end of a guide. But for Urrish, the night sky is more than a passing interest. It is his life's work. Urrish, a physicist and cosmologist at the University of British Columbia, is one of about a dozen Canadian scientists dedicated to studying the structure and origins of the universe. Last week, Canada's cosmologists quietly celebrated the announcement that American scientists had developed space images illustrating the very way in which a cosmic explosion may have set in motion the building of the universe about 15 billion years ago. Said Urrish: "It really firms up the models we have of how the universe developed."

While astronomers study the behavior of specific parts of the universe, cosmologists attempt to understand how the whole universe evolved. And while astronomers can usually collect firm measurements to test their theories, cosmology is often a theoretical science. That was one reason why the Washington announcement of the new findings was greeted with so much enthusiasm. Said James Peebles, 67, a Canadian-born physicist who teaches at Princeton University in New Jersey: "It gives us a rock to stand on, and that's difficult to do in cosmology."

**Explosion:** Until the early 1920s, most scientists claimed that the universe was a static collection of stars, galaxies and other celestial objects. But as scientists began to absorb the theories of Albert Einstein, a few physicists, mathematicians and astronomers developed new models of the universe. In 1922, Russian mathematician Alexander Friedman first argued that the universe may have been created by an explosion, and could still be expanding. Five years later, Belgian priest and astronomer Georges Lemaitre developed a similar theory.

By the end of the 1920s, American astronomer Edwin Hubble had made a series of stellar observations that supported the theoretical work of Friedman and Lemaitre. Hubble first discovered that other galaxies existed outside



Space image: unravelling the mysteries of the universe

the Milky Way, the enormous system of stars of which Earth and the sun are a part. He then found that the individual galaxies are moving apart and concluded that the universe is expanding.

The next major breakthrough in what had become the emerging science of cosmology occurred almost 20 years later. In 1948, Russian-American scientist George Gamow developed a more elaborate theory about the explosion that triggered the creation of the universe, and it became known as the Big Bang. Gamow also speculated that relics of that immense cosmic explosion, in the form of light energy or radiation, should still be travelling through the universe.

A quarter of a century later, Gamow was proven correct. During the mid-1960s, two scientists named Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson were testing a satellite receiving device

at Bell Telephone Laboratory. Coincidentally, about 50 km away at Princeton, a team of scientists that included cosmologist Peebles had begun an important search for finding Gamow's radiation relics. Peebles said that the leader of the Princeton team, Robert Dicke, received a telephone call one day from the Bell scientists. They complained that their satellite receiver was picking up strange noises which they could not identify. Peebles said that Dicke realized immediately that the noise came from radiation left over from the Big Bang. He put the telephone down, turned to his colleagues and said: "Believe, we've been fooled."

**Wave:** Since then, cosmologists have designed dozens of experiments aimed at analyzing the reverberating waves of energy now known as cosmic background radiation. Scientists have also been looking at the universe from other angles. Peebles said that he is trying to unravel the mysteries of the universe by studying the size, location and distribution of galaxies. He said that he has relied on the pioneering work of two American scientists, Donald Shaw and Carl Mather, who in the 1980s photographed and mapped the one-million-billion-galaxies that can be observed through telescopes. During the past five years, three teams of British scientists have photographed and mapped another two million galaxies, all of them visible from the Southern Hemisphere.

To a cosmologist, cosmic background radiation represents the earliest information available about the formation of the universe. Peebles said that the greatest hope for the most up-to-date information, even though hard scientific evidence has been found to provide some clues about the origins and the current status of the universe, must cosmologists acknowledge that they have only begun to explore a vast and perplexing subject. "A lot of the stuff we do addresses the most fundamental issues—questions about time and why we have time—that have philosophical implications," said Urrish. "What has always amazed me is that our society is willing and able to support a few people doing this. I'm happy to be one of them."



# Meeting in Seville

*Expo 92 draws attention to a new Spain*

From the inside, the Canadian pavilion at Expo 92, the world's fair that opened in Seville, Spain, on April 26, looks like little more than a huge metal box. In fact, it is widely praised as one of the most innovative and exciting buildings on the world scene. Canada's commissioners general, Ed Tait Lorne, and Minister of Industry, Thomas Dunlop, the 43,000-square-foot building to accommodate large crowds in a city where summer temperatures frequently reach a scorching 45°C. The pavilion's three-story high walls provide plenty of shade for a large open-air amphitheatre, where artists—coming from Canadian country singer George Fan to Mary Margaret O'Connor—will perform on a glass stage set above a pool of water.

Last week, during the first three days of the six-month-long fair, the pavilion drew an average of about 10,000 people daily, making it one of Expo 92's most popular attractions. "Our lineup is just endless," said Lorne. "And I'm not boring."

A total of 116 countries have built pavilions at Expo 92, added to the largest world's fair ever. It is a central part of Spain's celebration of the 500th anniversary of Christopher Columbus's discovery of the Americas. Another key part of these celebrations will be the Summer Olympics, which will be held in Barcelona, Spain's second-largest city after Madrid, from July 25 to Aug. 9. But for the next few weeks, Seville, a city of 700,000 located in the hot, dry and sun-drenched south-central region of Andalusia, will be the centre of attention. The 540-acre site is on an island in the Guadalquivir River, where Columbus set sail in 1492. And about 14 million people are expected to visit the fair before it closes on Oct. 12, the anniversary of the queen's landing in America.

As part of the Columbus connection, the theme of the fair is "the Age of Discoveries." But the participating countries have been allowed to interpret the theme loosely and the result, according to both fair officials and visi-

tors, has been a remarkable diversity at the pavilions. Spanish Andalusians used several times as much to surround an artificial lake at their pavilion. The Chileans towed a huge chunk of iceberg to the city and have installed it inside their pavilion, along with refrigeration equipment. The Mexican pavilion contains a large artificial aquarium that holds fish from different parts of the world, a tribute to Andalusian explorer Jacques Cartier.

Participating countries and organizations have to come to the heart of their pavilions, but the Spanish government has approved more than 100 buildings in Seville and the fair. Clearly, government leaders want to present Seville to the world as a modern European country after emerging from nearly four decades of dictatorship under Gen. Francisco Franco, who died in 1975. The government has purchased a high-speed train and laid new tracks from Madrid, the capital, which will enable travellers to make the 470-km trip in three hours. The city's airport has been expanded, eight new bridges have been constructed over the Guadalquivir, a new ring road circling the city, and dozens of churches and palaces have been restored.

For two Canadian tourists who visited during opening week, Expo 92 more than lived up to its billing. John Kuvell, a 40-year-old Toronto real estate broker, and his companion, 32-year-old graphic artist Diana Fink, described the fair as expensive but impressive. "It's been well worth the money," said Kuvell, who added that they each paid almost \$50 for admission. "The grounds are small, the weather is perfect and the fair is broad-based." Fink said that although the temperatures reached 38° on the day that they visited, there were plenty of awnings and screens for shade. Outdoor spectator options also gave lots of fun in the air to keep people cool. And that will provide welcome relief as the temperatures rise and the event is over.

BY ARCY JENISH with correspondents reports



(Clockwise from top) Fireworks at Expo 92 on opening night; an overview of the site; a monument in front of the Bioclimatic Sphere; remarkable diversity

# A pen for thoughts

Thinkpads take some mystery out of computers

Ever since personal computers went onto the market in the late 1970s, manufacturers have sought to make them smaller, more powerful and easier to use. But even the so-called laptop computers, introduced in the late 1980s, have limitations to make them cumbersome to use: a keyboard or a so-called mouse pointing device. Some potential users find operating them difficult or intimidating. As a result, to attract business computer users, International Business Machines Corp. (IBM) of Armonk, N.Y., announced on April 16 that in the summer it will start marketing a portable computer that is controlled with an electronic pen. The new computer, called a Thinkpad, can manage a user's printing and respond to it in the same way that conventional computers sit on a keyboard or mouse against. With Thinkpad, one will join a small but rapidly growing number of hardware manufacturers and software developers who are betting that pen-based computers will capture the hearts, minds and pocketbooks of many more computer users. According to some industry analysts, sales of pen-operated computers could reach \$3 billion a year by 1999.

Advocates of the new system base their projections on the simplicity of pen-operated computers. "Pen systems will open up a whole new market for computers," said analyst Michael O'Neil of Toronto-based ITC Canada Ltd., which tracks the information technology industry. Pen-based computers were designed with so-called mobile professionals in mind—people needing sales or insurance adjusters who spend much of their time out of the office.

For them, a single pen-operated computer can replace paper forms, pencils, pens, pocket calculators and clipboards. For one thing, taking a sales order becomes a simple matter of touching the computer pen to the appropriate box of an electronic order form and, with the help of a modem, transmitting the information to send five or more telephone calls. Experts estimate that pen computers could be used for 95 per cent of business data that are not currently computerized.

Pen-operated technology is designed to allow users to print directly onto a computer as though they were scribbling on a notepad. Instead of pen and paper, the technology em-

ploys a cordless electronic stylus and a glass surface carrying an electromagnetic charge that can track the stylus's movements. Words appear on the computer screen, either in the original form or as the selected typeface. Simple editing changes can also be carried out with the stylus drawing a line through a word on the screen will delete it from a text. Users can execute more complex commands by touching



French with a Thinkpad pen-based computer are 'a more familiar, natural way to work'

the stylus to an on-screen menu. "Pen computers take advantage of things people have learned to do without thinking, like putting pen to paper," said Norman Franco, president of Penlight Software Inc., a two-year-old Vancouver company that has developed software for the new computers. He added, "It's a more familiar, natural way to work."

The 12½-by-9¼-by-1¼-inch Thinkpad, which will be available in the United States in July and later in Canada, marks an important departure for IBM. Until recently, it has used operating systems, the basic software that co-ordinates the various functions of a computer, that were developed by Microsoft Corp. of Redmond, Wash. But as their corporate strategies have diverged, the former allies have become rivals. Instead of using Microsoft's software for the Thinkpad, IBM's new line of pen-operated computers uses the PenFast operating system from Co Corp., a San-paul-

city company based in Foster City, Calif.

In addition to IBM, 28 other hardware manufacturers have announced that they will make computers employing the PenFast software, including Fremont, Calif.-based GRU Systems Corp. and Santa's Saratoga Corp. All except IBM, however, have hedged their bets. Dayton, Ohio-based Tech Corp., for one, expects its new 3125 pen-based notepad computer, introduced last October, with either PenFast or Microsoft operating systems.

Meanwhile, at least 48 software companies have developed about 50 programs to run with PenFast. "It's relatively unexplored in this industry to have that level of support this early on," said co-chairman Jerald Kaplan. "It means we have a lot of momentum." Vancouver's PenMagic, for one, has introduced Numery, a software program for financial work. Among its wide range of capabilities, Numery lets the user, with a few strokes of the pen, automatically revise all groups of related

figures on different pages, including graphs and charts, by updating just one set of numbers.

So far, the technology for pen-operated computers is still in the early stages. The equipment is relatively heavy (Thinkpad weighs more than five pounds) and costs up to \$4,000. But industry experts say that smaller models, the size of a screen pad and weighing only about a pound, should be available for less than \$1,000 within a year. As well, Thinkpad and other pen-operated computers currently can recognize only printing. It will probably be several years before computers are able to recognize cursive handwriting as well. Even so, the early-to-use new computers have taken some of the remaining mystery out of the technology. The day when people will leave their house with their computer as surely as they take their wallet in driving seems.

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## FILMS

# Hoping beyond hope

Three new movies beguile and bewilder

**SOUTH OF VINYL**  
Directed by Robert Boyd

Ever since Nova Scotia laborers struck out for Toronto in *Goodbye to the Road* (1970), characters in Canadian movies have been leaving home, looking for the big time and almost invariably meeting with disappointment. Now, *South of Vinyl* offers a perverse variation on the theme of thwarted dreams: two women in a small-town Ontario doughnut shop get all excited about going on a outside

admission for her older, wiser and more glamorous colleague Lazzie, meanwhile, feels her life is going to waste. Marking time with two children and an unfaithful husband (nicely portrayed by Scott Kempner), she faces her 30th birthday with grim resignation. Going to the Dixie 130, concert becomes the biggest event in her life—even though the bus to take it with Cheryl-Ana, who cannot believe her luck when she gets to the gig stop.

Toronto director Robert Boyd, making his first feature, separates good mileage from a



Scene from *The Fools*: dauntlessly Allevato dresses about poverty, wealth and power

date too. Dixie Hall concert in Toronto, but never even make it to the highway. A modest score about absurdly modest ambitions. *South of Vinyl* rips apart from farce to pathos to abject sentiment. Striving for effect, it never manages to settle on a consistent dramatic tone. But persuasive, beautiful performances make the film's shortcomings seem almost as poignant as the plight of its characters.

Fresh from Montreal's National Theatre School, Catherine Poirer makes an impressive wrong debut as Cheryl-Ana, a naive, lonely waitress with a seamy grin and a painfully cheerful disposition. The talented Rebecca Jenkins, a *Globe* winner for her role as a wartime prison singer in *My Sister Alice* (1986), plays Lazzie. Cheryl-Ana's co-worker at the doughnut shop sleep. Cheryl-Ana displays an auditable

budget of less than \$2 million. And Morgan Timmins of the Cowboy Junkies sweetens the score with lullaby of quiet desperation. But although the film's small-town setting has flashes of wit, much of the humor is heavily condescending. And the script parades stereotypes for its own sake. *South of Vinyl*, like its Ontario-Godot characters, is all dressed up with nowhere to go.

**WHITE SANDS**  
Directed by Roger Donaldson

It begins with stylish premise. A police car screeches along the edge of a canyon, leaving a trail of dust in the smoky light of the New Mexican desert. A close-up shows a valiant going-down at a man lying on the ground with

a gun in his hand and ribs heaving against a hole in his head. Beside him is a Cadillac parked with half a million dollars. The investigation leads to the tip of a small-town deputy sheriff aimed Ray (William Baltus), who watches the lead corner (M. Emmet Walsh) cut into the victim's stomach and into a crowd-up scene of paper burning a phone number—a vital clue. That shooting detail is one of the more plausible moments in *White Sands*, a mystery that then becomes as convoluted, it defies comprehension.

The plot is a bewildering maze of cops chasing cops. Jamming the clarity of the lead man, Ray becomes involved with a sinister arms dealer (Mickey Rourke), a wealthy attorney (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) and a corrupt FBI agent (Samuel Jackson). Debra, Rourke's sister and Mastrantonio's wife, too much while Jackson plays around like a racist caricature of a hapless black man.

The grand mystery in *White Sands* is the ending. Men Rogers has an embarrassingly marginal role as Ray's wife. And it is strange to see the weird *White Sands* trying to play the virtuous hero, a benign family man with a white cowboy hat and a blue Corvette. Every so often, he slips back into his most characteristic malice, as if his mind has wandered into another movie. Perhaps he is just confused. At one point, Mastrantonio's character asks, "What is hell is going on?"—a question that the wacky mangle of *White Sands* never answers.

**THE FOOL**  
Directed by Christian Eklund

British-based director Christian Eklund first defied the limits of realism in filmmaking with *Little Dorrit* (1987), an acclaimed adaptation of a Charles Dickens novel that second widespread theatrical release despite its unheroic length. Now, Eklund has returned to Victorian England to create *The Fool*, a dauntlessly literate drama about poverty, wealth and power. Stage veteran Derek Jacobi delivers a virtuoso performance as Mr. Podmore, a London clerk who leads a double life contending between the wealth of the post and the privileged. Frederick works as a humble cove in a theatre company. But with a change of clothes, this Dickensian Clark Kent transforms himself into a top-notch Supreme named Sir John, a shrewd speculator who manipulates the greed and politics of the post and the privileged. Frederick works as a humble cove in a theatre company. But with a change of clothes, this Dickensian Clark Kent transforms himself into a top-notch Supreme named Sir John, a shrewd speculator who manipulates the greed and politics of the post and the privileged.

Partly based on interviews conducted by journalist Henry Mayhew between 1848 and 1861, *The Fool* is bristling with contemporary references, the plot turns on stock-market scandals, financial fraud and degeneration. Set in 1837, Eklund's costume drama boasts a cast of nearly 200 credentialed actors. But they are just a tip-off for Jacobi's performance, which has the dimension of a one-man show. Fluffy photographed and too enamored with its own language, *The Fool* is tedious at times. Like a Victorian novel, it takes some getting into. But the payoff is worth the investment.

DAVID D. JOHNSON



## ART

# Dark reflections

Native artists map the legacy of Columbus

For Europeans, the epic voyage resulted in the discovery of a new world brimming with riches and myths with possibilities. The Oct. 12, 1492, liftoff of Balboa men-in-black-adventurer Christopher Columbus in America was an achievement on the order of 20th-century man's landing on the moon, an exploit to remember and celebrate. And to mark the 500th anniversary of the historic voyage, numerous commemorative festivals are taking place in both New and Old Worlds this year. But for many descendants of the millions of indigenous natives of the Americas, whose ancestors had already been there for millennia, Columbus's discovery had tragic implications. During waves of European settlement, they were exploited, enslaved and killed in great numbers by new weapons as well as by imported disease. That devastating violence is highlighted in a spirited, though somber, exhibition at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que., called *Indigenes: Perspectives of Indigenous Peoples on First Hand*.

The show, which opened on April 16 and continues until Oct. 12, is the counterpart of an array of museum-based events reflecting Columbus's impact on native people. With the exhibit, which will later travel to other museums and galleries in North America (and which is accompanied by a book of essays and repre-



Rock River's Castror #1: catastrophic loss

Lawrence Paul's Little Spenser: a renaissance more vital and diverse

ditions entitled *Indigenes: Contemporary Native Perspectives*, published by Douglas & McIntyre and selling for \$45), is a new generation of 20 Canadian Indian, Métis and Inuit artists explore the legacy of the Columbus voyage. Their 38 sculptures, paintings, photographs, video diaries and sound-media installations provide a strong portrait of catastrophic loss, of what might have been if Old World intruders had left the natives' lives alone to live in peace in the hemisphere they first arrived in more than 12,000 years ago. Said Lyle Stone, a New Brunswick Miqmaq whose three narrative works in the show, collectively titled *Columbus Discoveries Series*, capture a bitterly angry sentiment about the conquest: "Natives can't sleep in the spirit of rebellion. The one thing they can celebrate is that they have survived."

Indigenes began taking shape in 1989—before the collapse of March Lake and the traumatic events at Oka, Que., in 1990—when the museum's contemporary-native-art curator, Gerald McMaster, and native-art scholar Lee-Ann Martin first heard of plans for celebrations marking the Columbus discovery. McMaster, a Plains Cree born in North Battleford, Sask., who is also an artist, "We left that native people also had to be part of that reflection. We had to ask the question, 'If the colonizers were celebrating, what about the colonized?'"

McMaster acknowledges that *Indigenes* only scratch the surface of the cross-cultural and history itself, he argues, has long been weighted in favor of non-natives—there is almost always an alternative view shared by native groups. McMaster notes that indigenous people regard the North West Rebellion, which resulted in the hanging of Métis leader Louis Riel in 1885, not as rebellion but as an act of "resistance" to overbearing non-native im-

posedy. Said McMaster: "It's Canadian history at the same time as when I went to school, it's skewed." Everyday life still also harbors mixed messages and double messages for native people. "Just look at the monuments around Ottawa," said the curator. "They represent 'discoveries.' The only Indian in an unknown man sitting at [French explorer Samuel de] Champlain's feet." Added McMaster: "My question is, 'Which of the two is really the great Canadian?'"

That attitude carries over in the works in *Indigenes*. While some of the pieces in the collection make references to the timeless concerns of native people—the land, the environment, the community and the family—most others are more or less frankly humorous, almost all condemn the legacy of colonialism and its effects of brutality that many non-natives have long accepted as true. One work, an ambitious installation entitled *Presentation of a Spirit*, demonstrates, while occupies an entire room at the exhibition, offers a wide ranging, lightly framed and unsettling learning experience. Artist Jesse Cardinal-Schubert, the sister of the museum's Métis architect, Douglas Cardinal, presents a reawakening angry passion of responses to racism and colonization.

Using drawings, artifacts, sculpture, written messages and messages of both verbal and nonverbal materials, Cardinal-Schubert touches on many aspects of native life since the arrival of the white man—conversion to Christianity, life as reserves and living one but native children among them. "When non-Indian people start facing what has been going on, the artist told McMaster, "there will be a lot of guilt. People will have to deal with what they've created."

Saskatoon and a sense of loss mark *Nativehood*, an imposing display of seven sculptural figures by B.C. painter Jan Lopez. His central focus is the murder's on rock and a hockey game. Not looking at the picture's figures are a mix of native words, two others lighting a drink and, through a window, the artist and his brother watching a televised hockey game in their home. "Hockey for my dad was escape," Lopez writes in his notes at the *Indigenes* volume. "He dreamed of being somebody important, somebody respected. He wanted to be a winner, but fate wouldn't allow it."

Other *Indigenes* works, by contrast, mock the dominant culture or are outright spoofs. Vancouver painter Lawrence Paul's *Red Man Watching White Man Trying to Fix His* is a Sky shows a stylized Indian observing a white scientist standing on another's shoulders as they attempt to place a punch on Earth's core while layer. In his notes to his work, Paul



Lawrence Paul's Red Man Watching White Man: 'Clean your head. This earth is not a ladder.'

states clearly, though somewhat, note about the destruction of the environment. "Clean your head," he writes. "This earth is not a ladder, an onlooker where you can urinate toxins. But I wish you well, Longtime."

Indigena's debut and its status as a leading voice touches a heightened emotion and appreciation of the role of aboriginal people in history as well as national life. Such books as Ronald Wright's *Stolen Continents: The 'New World' Through Indian Eyes Since 1492*, along with popular film-making *Dances with Wolves* and *Thunderheart*, clearly present challenges to the legitimacy of the dominant culture. In addition, native Canadians are for the first time full partners in national constitutional deliberations.

That native artists in Canada should venture into the debate at this time was predictable, said Peter Kuchynski, head of native studies at Trent University in Peterborough, Ont. He added: "There has been a kind of resurgence in aboriginal art, so there has to be a cultural renaissance. That has been going on since the 1960s, and it seems to be getting more vital and dynamic."

The artists included in *Indigenes* are building on the accomplishments of more traditionally oriented career artists, including carvers Mungo Martin and Bill Reid and painters Norval Morrisseau and Daphne Odjig. Unlike those artists, said Janet Clerk, curator of Ontario's Thunder Bay Art Gallery, an institution devoted exclusively to the collection of aboriginal art, most of the artists in *Indigenes* have mastered Western contemporary art and thus "rediscovered their own traditions and gone back to them."

An ultimate warning knowledge of both of those artists' traditions leads strength to *Indigenes*. Said McMaster: "Hopefully, it will create a ripple effect that will carry to other

communities, other generations." Clearly, the striking images presented in the exhibition could play some part in ending the five-century gulf between native and trading cultures that has so drastically scarred the history of the Americas.

GLEN ALLEN

## Maclean's

### BEST-SELLER LIST

#### FICITION

- 1 *"T" Is for Innocent*, Geoffrey (4)
- 2 *Baden of Deeds*, MacNeil (1)
- 3 *All Around the Town*, Clark
- 4 *The Return Road*, Graham (2)
- 5 *Griffin & Sabine*, Henrich (5)
- 6 *Woo-man*, Conner (7)
- 7 *Proble*, Sussman (3)
- 8 *The 100 Hours of Shimmer*, Brooks (4)
- 9 *Just*, Hennessey (4)
- 10 *The End of the Post*, Grimes (15)

#### NONFICTION

- 1 *Revolution from Within*, Skowron (2)
- 2 *Backlash*, Finch (3)
- 3 *Wishes of the Elders*, Knutson and Smith (2)
- 4 *Peoples Report*, Poirer (3)
- 5 *The Sign and the Seal*, Winkler
- 6 *A Future in Love*, Williams (4)
- 7 *Shots Counters*, Wright (2)
- 8 *Wishful Without Risk*, Gervais (5)
- 9 *The Culture of Consumption*, Gidycz
- 10 *Double Cross*, Gidycz (3)

(1) Fiction (2) non-fiction

Compiled by Brian Bicknell



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### COLUMN



## An island with the memory of youth

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Seemingly students of the cinema will recall *Alley Oop*, the *Stone Age* figure in a beret-like helmet with a face even more fierce than a modern leopard. It's noted by a caricature by name of V. T. Selenia in the early 1930s, *Alley Oop*—an after *Pillows Pete*—strolling through the jungle one day came upon a great cavern. It turned out to be a stone machine, into which you could walk and be transported at the flick of a switch to another continent, another era, another civilization.

It was a precursor of the transfer of matter—a future billion will be able to do with us, pressing a button as we go through the greater counter at the airport and immediately transporting our bodies to Tokyo, rather than going through the boring airplane business. There is, believe me, the same sort of face machine airport when we fly into the awkwardly island lanes of Bermuda, arriving by rail and in the Atlantic, scaled off from cars, from the past.

There is the impression that one has walked back into 1942, all the blouses in picture hats, all the men in jackets and ties at all the right times of day, every building either pink or white, all of it right out of a movie script starring Sonny Tufts and Gene Tierney. New York City authorities released a study last week revealing that the typical Manhattan cab—sergeant—was no longer a cigarette-smoking, worshipping Irish product of Brooklyn, but in fact was more likely to be an immigrant from Africa or the Caribbean or elsewhere.

This will come as a major shock, of course, to any resident of Toronto where today's cabby almost certainly arrived by private jet from Chad, that very morning and has no idea where the airport is, let alone a hotel or where might be the address of Aunt Anne in Mississauga. (Kittens cab drivers told *The Gazette* that *Rocky* at Bermuda took for sadness, and every happy cabby in Vancouver is a sophisticated hippie from the States, but I digress.)

In Bermuda, too, in the 1940s, a cab driver got by the delightful name of *Llewellyn Phipps*



He is prototypical middle-aged, gentle, polite and regards his job as neither able to what in other careers would be regarded as a respectable trade—a butcher, perhaps, or a barber, possibly a man-grade lawyer.

The gentility of the taxi trade extends throughout. The Coral Beach and Tennis Club sets high as a deli looking out towards Spain. It believes in no change. It has belonged to the South family of Bermuda for eight generations. Ever since, as a matter of fact, Capt. Christopher Smith sailed briefly from England in 1624 on a ship named *Return* and, finding Bermuda a rather agreeable place, decided not to.

There was a chance mentioned as the property in 1635, the early settlers prepared to defend their island against the Spanish. About two centuries later, two men were invited to visit of Napoleon. Now, the only threat is the size of the bathing suits on the beach on the seeping white beach.

Bermuda and tennis go together, as those of us still here of fact know. The first two courts were laid down 53 years ago. A few months later, the first amateur tournament was held. The winner of the men's singles, W. Donald McNeil, several months later, then won being 1944, was the United States Lawn Tennis Championship at Forest Hills. The first lady champion, if you must know, Miss Gracyna Wheeler, defeated the famous Sarah Palfrey Cooke at Forest Hills.

Lovers of the Coral Beach and Tennis Club tend to have names like Gracyna. If not Muffy and Mimi and Phyllis and Emily. That is the New England *Etchings* at play. It plays, but not too much, please. At home, a disheveled gentleman who looks like a former secretary of state moves slowly between the candlelit tables, rumpled in his blazer, club tie, Bermuda shorts, knee socks and cane. Could be a Smith, probably is.

Bermuda is perhaps the only resort in the world where you have to dress better than you do at home. This is a civil approach, since the basic code of behavior is to wear shorts and sandals and little else. Not so, on the island in the middle of the Atlantic.

This may be the honeymoon capital of the world, especially at Easter, and the handsome young couple in casual sweaters shipping up to the bar for a nightcap seemed appropriately happy. They landed less than 30 seconds—a whispered word about dress code and it was back, no pressure, to bed again.

The others are pink. The curtains are fleecy with pink flowers. The bedspread is pink and white. The required costumes on the tennis court, as could be expected, are all white. Andre Agassi not.

There is a security of idylls, of course, one redoubt in the ocean where rules still count and the clasp where for cigars and port after dinner while the ladies go elsewhere to talk about the children. It is an experience everyone should reach, a return to the days when school was held in the sand. I. Scott Fitzgerald was dining in the ballroom.

Mafiosa would not be happy on Bermuda—or welcome. Muffy, in her picture hat, would not be amazed. The name of the daily paper is the *Royal Gazette*. Names of us at the Coral Beach and Tennis Club, where a tractor with a rake abides in the dormitory at the end as the photograph will look better, approve of this last vestige of the 1940s. One keeps looking around, expecting Romeo Goodman to be waiting in his chair. All had Alley Oop and the time machine.

\*A law being considered by the Canadian federal government



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